THEATRE MAGAZINE

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From a photograph by Abbe

BESSIE McCOY DAVIS

The famous Yama Yama Girl is as popular today as ever. Recently a feature of the "Greenwich Village Follies" she is now in the "Midnight Whirl" at the Century Grove, where her dancing is proving a delight

THE TROUBLE WITH THE MODERN THEATRE

An open letter to the American theatre-going public

By REV. JOHN ROACH STRATON, D.D.
Pastor of the Calvary Baptist Church, New York City

MY dear friends:

I have had occasion recently to discuss with the utmost frankness some of the lamentable conditions in the theatre today. A churchman, preoccupied primarily with the spiritual welfare of his flock, my interests in life necessarily lie far apart from the playhouse. But I am not so bigoted, not so narrow-minded as to be unable to see any good in the theatre as an institution. On the contrary, I believe that the dramatic art ought to be considered part of our educational system. While the element of amusement enters very largely into the theatre, it is by no means the only element. Even recreation has an intellectual and aesthetic side which in an enlightened and moral society would be more and more emphasized. The theatre, therefore, rightly viewed, properly conducted, belongs logically with the university and the school.

I bring here no arraignment of the drama. I recognize fully that the theatre, under proper control, is an agency for great good. Personally, I have been a student and a devotee of the dramatic art all my life. For years I had the privilege of teaching oratory and the interpretation of literature in our universities, and I recognize, therefore, the place of the drama in the scheme of human life. This art is capable of serving the human race in high and glorious ways.

THE ministry is in no way antagonistic to the dramatic art. The theatre began under Christian auspices, with the "Miracle Plays" and other Biblical themes. Even when secular plays were introduced, the theatre was still largely under Christian control. In 1548 the Paris "Confraternity of the Trinity" built a theatre, which was licensed, as they expressed it, to perform "profane pieces of lawful and honest character." But this early ideal has been abandoned in large part, and the theatre today is following the influences and ideals of the Greek playhouse, which had its origin in the degraded revels inspired by the god of wine, Bacchus. The first Greek theatre was simply an open space near the temple of Bacchus, where the chorus danced about the altar of the god.

The modern playhouse is following its pagan rather than its Christian heredity. No one who knows conditions today can deny these things. The modern theatre is its own worst enemy. Dramatic art is being destroyed in the house of its friends. The most scathing criticisms of it come from those who know it best and who naturally are most friendly to it. In his recent book on the "Popular Theatre," Mr. George Jean Nathan—a writer whom no one will accuse of superprudishness—after fourteen years of dramatic criticism and intimate acquaintance with the theatre, its plays, and its people, reaches the conclusion that: "The place of the theatre in the community is infinitely less the place of the university, the studio, and the art gallery, than the place of the circus, the rathskeller and the harem." Other independent writers are fully as outspoken.

And as authoritative a critic as the late William Winter was loud in his denunciation of the modern theatre. In an article in the Philadelphia *Ledger,* Mr. Winter said: "The condition of the American theatre at the present time, is in some ways peculiarly deplorable, and such as no judicious lover of dramatic art can consider without a mingled feeling of resentment and sorrow."

THE plays to be found upon the boards these days, Mr. Winter calls "noxious trash," pictures of the proceedings of infatuated fools and sentimental demireps from the "seamy side" of life. And he says again: "The fact is that the *direction of the theatre has been almost entirely usurped by illiterate, unscrupulous speculators, solicitous for monetary gain and the gratification of their vanity,* and under such managerial dominance, the theatre, practically, has been surrendered to an uncouth, ignorant, ill-conditioned democracy unfit to direct anything; and intellect, judgment, and taste are invited to accept and applaud bad for good, wrong for right, filth for purity, ugliness for beauty, the manifestation of disease and decay for 'progress.'"

Dr. Stephen S. Wise, Rabbi of the largest Jewish congregation of New York, in a recent sermon before the Free Synagogue, declared that "as a business, the theatre is the dirtiest business in America today." Dr. Wise said further: "I carry in mind one show in particular, that I saw only last week in one of the leading theatres of the city. I am told that there are a dozen shows equally as bad in the city. It was nothing less than the work of moral scavengers and filth-producers. It was the product of moral leprosy. The stage was filled with half-dressed women—though no more so than the boxes of the theatre itself, or the lobbies of the average hotel. It was the vulgar incarnation of impurity, spun about a display of hosiery and underwear."

DR. Wise also arraigned the press, asserting that it does not give the public honest criticisms of the theatre: "Only last week in another city," he said, "I saw an advertisement of a former Broadway attraction. It read: 'Go to the ——— Theatre and see a classy, girly, jazzy show.' Could anything be more impudently or salaciously suggestive? Why can't critics say: 'This is a disgusting, foul, salacious play?' Why should people permit newspapers to lie to them about amusements? Are the newspapers of New York going to let two or three or four men dictate what is said about the greatest of arts—men without the remotest idea of responsibility?"

These deplorable and disgusting conditions are characteristic of too many of our theatres. They prevail not only in New York, but in all American cities. The theatre—the institution itself—as Rabbi Wise truly says, is suffering from "moral leprosy." In the report of the famous Vice Commission of Chicago, we find grave statements (on page 246 and 248) concerning conditions as uncovered by that able and impartial body. These investigations show that the theatres today "are surrounded by vicious dangers and temptations which result in sending many girls into lives of immorality—professional and clandestine." This Vice Commission gives actual concrete instances of the destruction of the moral character of young girls in the dressing rooms of the theatres. It also makes clear the fact that "many girls sell themselves in order to get on the stage and before the public;" and the Commission makes plain the fact that these conditions apply to the higher class theatres as well as the less important houses. Another investigator says:

"Some of the so-called best people in the profession are using the 'shimmy shake' in song, dance and pantomime. Barefoot dancing with naked limbs being shown through transparent nets, abbreviated skirts, with flesh colored tights, emphasizing the form and contour of the body by effective colored lights, are all a part of the nefarious business which escapes the ban under the guise of 'art.'"

HERE, then, is the picture of the modern theatre as drawn by its friends and very impartial investigators. I am presenting these quotations only to show you just how well grounded are the criticisms of those who are forced, for conscience' sake, to criticise and protest against theatrical conditions as they exist today. The foregoing scathing arraignment included the so-called "better class" theatres. When we get down to some of the cheaper companies that tour the smaller towns and cities, we find conditions that are positively nauseating!

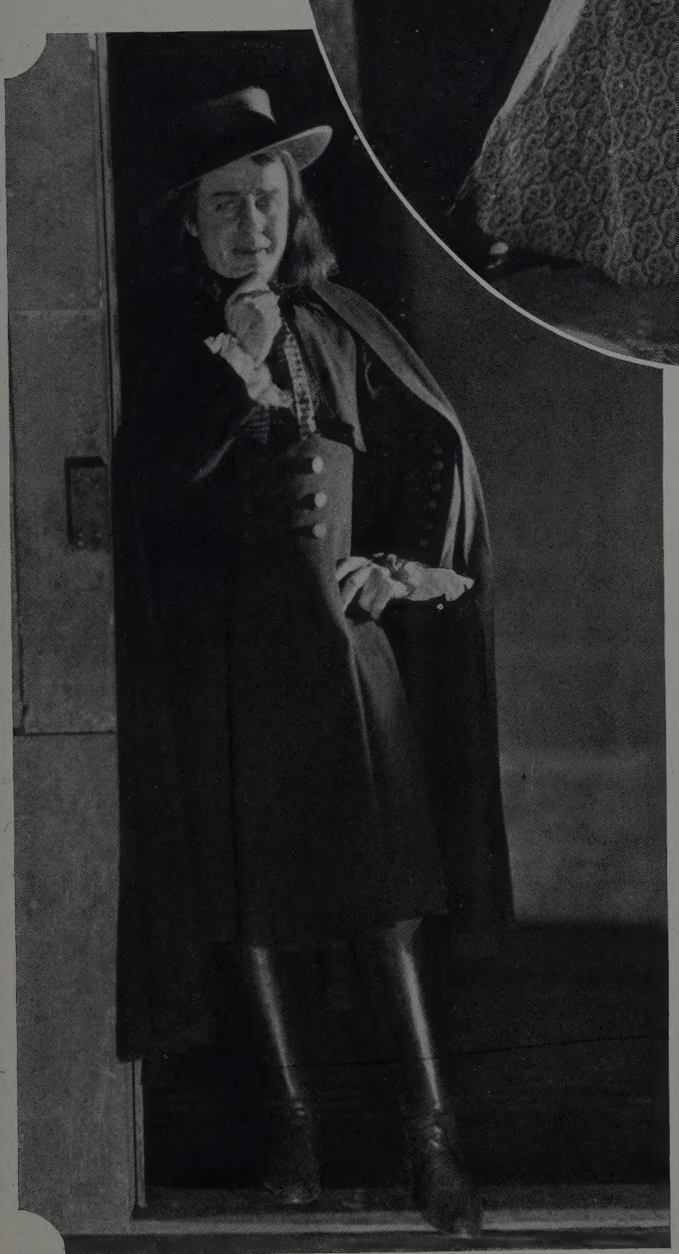
Even by the admissions of those who know the theatre of today best and who are naturally inclined to be lenient to its shortcomings, the morals of the present day theatre are deplorably low. Perhaps the saddest fact of all is, that the stage is the only place where a stain upon a woman's personal character seems to enhance her popularity and success. There are, I know, many bright and shining exceptions to this sad truth, but they are the "exceptions that prove the rule." The pure women of the stage shine all the brighter because of the moral blackness around them. I have all sympathy for that group of noble and gracious men and women of our stage whose lives do exemplify right ideals of life and conduct, and whose hearts I know, from some of the letters I have received even recently, bleed because of the shameful conditions around them. An actress said recently to one of my ministerial friends, when he asked her about conditions: "It is hell, sir!" Many of the chorus girls and the less important actresses are being ground to pieces by the upper and nether mill

Lily Cahill as the sweet, wholesome heroine

Leo Ditrichstein as the dashing soldier of fortune, Comte de Trevières, who wins out in the battle of wits and gains his lady as well

(Below)

Brandon Tynan, as the chief lieutenant Brisquet, a master in the art of disguise



Photos Abbe

A SPLENDID CAST IN "THE PURPLE MASK"

stones of the commercialism and the low moral ideals of the theatre as it exists today. Undress that would not be tolerated in any respectable home, even among brothers and sisters, is shamelessly flaunted on the public stage. Conversation, which in private life, would make a woman unfit for decent company, and postures from which the face of virtue would turn in disgust in any other place, are not only tolerated, but insisted upon by theatre managers. It was recently remarked by one who knew, that in employing girls, it was not a question with the managers of "whether they could sing, but of how near naked they were willing to appear on the stage."

The District Attorney of New York, in commenting on a play recently produced in one of our theatres, said: "It is deplorable that the theatrical managers of this city have sunk so low as to permit such productions." And he gave it as his opinion that such producers "deserve a jail sentence." Why, therefore, should certain stage people and their defenders cry out against me because I have dared to raise a voice? I am only one among many who have protested against the nastiness that is slowly undermining and corrupting the morals of the community. As a churchman, as a follower of Christ, it was my duty to make my voice heard.

THERE is another aspect of the situation which all should understand. The law of God, and the needs of men, demand that there shall be one day in seven for rest and worship; but the modern playhouse persists in violating this law. The results upon our citizenship are already disturbing and distressing. Mr. H. W. Hicks, superintendent of the New York Sunday School Association, is authority for the statement that nearly 500,000 children and young people up to the age of 24 belonging to Protestant homes, in New York alone, do not now attend any Sunday School. It is a very significant fact, too, that this shrinkage in Sunday School and church attendance has been contemporaneous with the opening of Sunday moving picture shows, theatres, etc. Recreation and amusement have their legitimate place in the scheme of human living, but if we are to make them a substitute for the deeper and more sacred things in life then they become a curse instead of a blessing. We are in danger of developing a superficial, flippant and thoughtless citizenship by a wrongly balanced mental and spiritual diet.

New York is beginning already to pay the price of her worldliness, her neglect of true religion, and her desertion of the church of God. I appeal to you not only as patriotic Americans, but as lovers of humanity to help right these wrong conditions. What will the next generation be unless conditions are changed?

ART has been prostituted to profit in the playhouses. A little handful of men who pollute our stage—men utterly foreign to Christian ideals of life and conduct—have discovered that, by appealing to prurient curiosity, and by catering to those elements in a community who applaud the salacious and the impure, and by enlarging these elements, their dividends are increased. One evil result of this vicious commercializing of the stage is illustrated most forcibly by the fact that even dramatic criticism today is stamped with the dollar-mark. When theatre managers run heavy advertisements in the newspapers, does it not tend to dull the sensitiveness of the papers to the poor quality or immoral influences of the plays so advertised?

Never until this degrading bondage to Mammon is broken will there be any health or wholesomeness in the American theatre. Think of the enormity of the crime of capitalizing the sacrifice of womanly modesty and making merchandise of those very female graces and charms that God has designed for pure and holy ends! And think of the even worse crime of condoning these evils and encouraging the people to patronize them! How can any institution which thus traffics in women for gain be anything but a monstrous iniquity?

WHAT is the remedy? For there must be a remedy. The theatre is too big, too vital a part of the life of the nation to be utterly destroyed, because temporarily, it has fallen into evil hands. The only remedy lies in your hands, my dear friends—you, the theatre-goers of America. When our conscience has been thoroughly awakened, not only by my protests but by the protests of the many public-spirited citizens who have had courage to raise their voices—you will agree with us that the peril is very real. You will then proceed to do the thing which will immediately meet this menace—you will boycott all theatrical performances where such things are tolerated—all theatres where the manager permits nasty and suggestive lines to be uttered on his stage, all plays where beds and other suggestive scenes are shown and all theatres where undraped femininity is made a feature of the performance.

And you will go further. You will do, each one of you, your share toward creating a right public opinion upon these issues. You will let the editors of your newspapers know what you think of their "dramatic critics," when they give a clean bill of health, as they have done recently in New York, to performances that dig up the unspeakable moral filth which destroyed the ancient civilizations in which it was allowed to flourish, and flaunt it before the faces of our youth. You will battle with unalterable determination against the commercialism of the playhouse today; and you will never cease your efforts until you have, by these means, rescued the noble dramatic art from the unholy hands that today are strangling it to death. You will never be content until you see dramatic art realigned, where it normally belongs, with our universities and schools, and controlled, as our educational system is, by the enlightened and moral elements of each community.

THE three greatest foundation stones of our Anglo-Saxon civilization are the home, the purity of womanhood and the sanctity of the Sabbath, yet these are the three things which the theatre most directly and constantly attacks and tries to undermine. If you are angered at these assaults on our civilization, if you would rally to the defense of these bulwarks of our social life, you must obey the moral law and keep the Sabbath holy. You must refuse at the behest of sordid theatrical managers to bow before the altars of Mammon. If you do this the time will come when the theatre will emerge from the slime and become once more what it was intended and ought to be—a fine, noble institution, no longer sacrificing art to profits, no longer degrading womanhood and the ideals of the people, but a wholesome, helpful influence bringing cheer, recreation and inspiration to a clean and enlightened society.

Sincerely yours,

JOHN ROACH STRATON

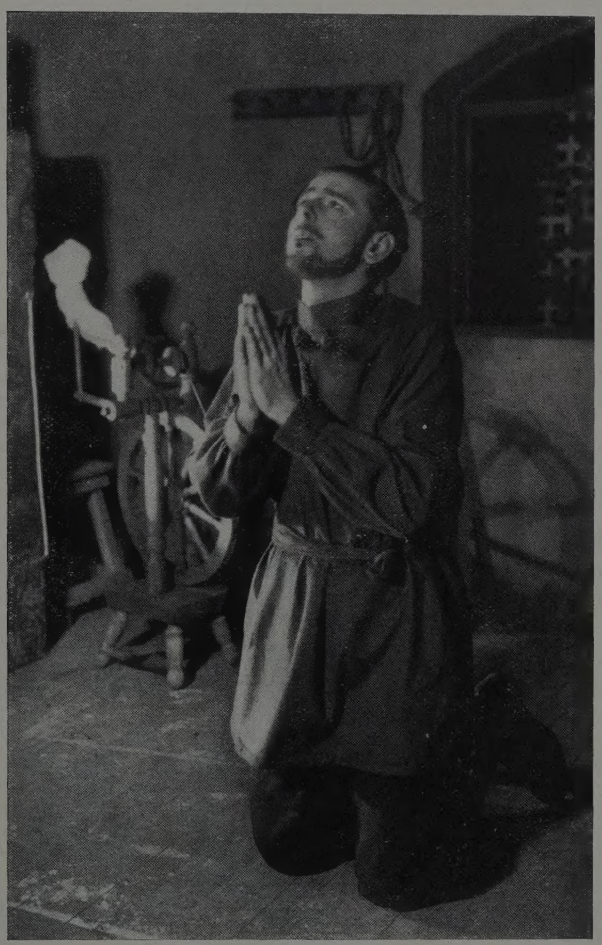
CRESTS AND DEVICES

Mary Pickford:—A curling-iron.
John Drew:—A tailor's-dummy.
William S. Hart:—A sombrero.
Laurette Taylor:—A clothes-peg.
Douglas Fairbanks:—A pair of rubber-heels.
Annette Kellermann:—A trident.
Eddie Foy:—A cradle.
Eva Tanguay:—A volcano.
Charlie Chaplin:—A monkey-on-a-stick.
Julian Eltinge:—A question-mark.
Fatty Arbuckle:—A custard-pie.
De Wolf Hopper:—A wedding-cake.
Maude Adams:—A sugar-plum.
Bert Williams:—A chocolate-drop.
Lillian Russell:—An orange-blossom.
Julia Sanderson:—A violet.
Fay Bainter:—A four-leaf clover.
Jane Cowl:—A weeping-willow.
Fanny Ward:—A century-plant.
Maxine Elliott:—An American-beauty rose.
Gaby Deslys:—A peacock.
Elsie Janis:—A mocking-bird.
Theda Bara:—A vulture.
Ed Wynn:—A pelican.
Al Jolson:—A lark.
Jobyna Howland:—A giraffe.
Geraldine Farrar:—A nightingale.
Houdini:—A pair of handcuffs.
Willard Mack:—A typewriter.
William Gillette:—A razor.
Stuart Walker:—A portmanteau.
Bertha Kalich:—A sphinx.
Sarah Bernhardt:—A phoenix.
Mr. and Mrs. Coburn:—A double-harness.
Florenz Ziegfeld, Jr.:—A centipede.

HAROLD SETON.

Photocraft

Helen Westley as the fiendish Matyrona and Henry Stillman as the doomed Peter, in the Theatre Guild's production of "The Power of Darkness" at the Garrick



Nikita (Arthur Hohl) prays for forgiveness for his sins, in the last act of "The Power of Darkness"

TOLSTOI'S "THE POWER OF DARKNESS" PRODUCED IN ENGLISH

A motley crew these vaudevillians. I feel lost among them.

THE DIARY OF AN INGENUE

By JOSEPH KOVEN

PART II.

HURRAH! I have an engagement!

I am to play the ingenue part in a farce, in vaudeville. The farce is so stupid and vulgar, and my part so "meatless"—but what of that? I have an engagement! My first engagement! In vaudeville, it is true, but it is an engagement,—and I have reached the first step of "the ladder"!

I have been rehearsed in the part and have proved satisfactory. Tomorrow and the two following days we play in New Jersey, and the rest of the week we play in Proctor's, here.

Thank God! I have really begun to climb the ladder!

The first day is over at last!

We played three times to-day. Tomorrow is the 4th of July, and we shall play four times.

I am glad I am actually playing, but the cheapness, the vulgarity of it all: the play, the players, the audience—fills me with loathing. But why should I care? This is only the beginning, and the beginning is always hard. I play my vulgar part—and dream of the days when I'll play Juliet, Nora, Hannele, Magda.

A motley crew, these vaudevillians. I feel lost among them, and yet I am drawn toward each and every one of them. It is the expression of bravery mingled with resignation that draws me toward them. There they stand—singers, dancers, players, actors, actresses, acrobats—each loathing the part he plays there,—yet how, as if by magic, they change the moment they get before the footlights! I look at them and wonder what it is in them that impels them to continue with their work. It is not that they love their work,—they hate it; it is not that, like myself, they ignore the humiliation of the work and regard all as a step forward, a rung in "the ladder," which must be climbed—to them their work is their "job"; it is not that they get a good living out of their work—they are seldom sure at the beginning of the week that their job will last through the end of the week; it is not that they are lazy; they are more energetic than any other class of workers I know. What is it?

Yesterday I asked this question of one of the men who plays with me. He is a man of forty, very intelligent, very kind. "My child," he said, "I am not suited to be a 'captain' of industry. And so I 'play.' I think I could have been a great actor, but I lacked most of the essentials—money, pull, aggressiveness, goods looks—so here I am—'playing.' Queer, isn't it?"

SWEETHEART, d——n you, why don't you speak those lines right?"

So speaks the man who acts my lover in the farce, to his wife, who plays his sister in the same piece. His poor little wife was never intended to be an actress—but two salaries are more than one, and hubby is "the boss of the show"—so wifey must act.

The little wife ignores her husband's profanity and makes for their dressing-room.

"Come back here and let me rehearse you," he shouts.

It is 10.30 p. m., and we are all tired. She continues to go to their dressing-room.

"Come here, I say, d——n you! Say those lines right!" he yells, while stage-hands and performers look on.

"I'm tired now," she pleads.

He makes a threatening gesture, which has the effect on her of a blow. She says nothing, the corners of her mouth tremble, but she begins to rehearse. Sickened by such behavior to so frail a creature, I leave the stage.

Ten minutes later my dressing-room door is flung open, and the poor little wife dashes in, trembling.

"He says he'll kill me tonight," she stammers.

"I'm afraid to go home. I'm afraid to go into the dressing-room." She pants like a frightened little bird.

"What can I do for you?" I ask.

"Oh, I don't know, I don't know," she wails, wringing her hands. "He'll kill me. He said he would. He once said he would break my foot, and he twisted my ankle until I could not walk for weeks. And now he'll kill me, I know it! He said so."

I was dumbfounded. I wanted to help her, but I did not know how.

"Come and sleep with me," I suggested.

"No, he'll get me and kill me anyway," she moaned.

"Why don't you leave him?" I asked.

She looked vacantly ahead of her.

"Where will I go?" she said drily, as if speaking to herself. "On the streets?"

I urged her to come and stay with me,—I would share what I had with her.

"No, honey—listen," she said. "I'm going to wait until he comes to the dressing-room. I'll put this note on the table now." She wrote:

"I'm sorry, John. Forgive me."

I was revolted by this—but my heart ached for the poor, helpless, trembling thing. I took the note into their dressing-room. Five minutes later we heard her husband enter.

"Now, honey," she said, "I'll wait here a few minutes—and will you send this telegram off for me now, at once, on your way home?"

I sent away her telegram, addressed to a Christian Science practitioner in Cleveland. It read: "Work on harmony at once."

I entreated her to come home with me that night, but she seemed to have confidence in the effect of the note and the telegram. I left her waiting in my dressing-room.

When I arrived at the theatre the next day for the first performance I ran impatiently to the other dressing-room first. The door was half open. There they were, the husband and the wife, in loving embrace!

They did not see me. I slipped quietly away.

THE end of the week in vaudeville has come. I am told we are not to continue. I have received twenty dollars (I was supposed to get thirty dollars a week after the first week) for the week. I borrowed thirty-five dollars for an outfit for the farce. . . My first experience—but I *have* begun to climb the ladder!

It was a cold, cheerless day. The snow no sooner reached the ground than it melted and added to the stream of slush and mud underfoot.

"Perhaps," I thought, "it would be unwise to go to Broadway on a day like this. I suppose all successful actresses, who are not so in need of an engagement, stay at home. But then," I reflected on second thought, "perhaps today, when there are so few in the offices, I will get a better opportunity. Perhaps today the managers will take better notice of me. It is only because they have not the time even to look at me," I assured myself. "If they did really look at my face, instead of my dress, they would see, they must see, as ——— ——— and others had seen, that I am greatly talented."

So I sallied forth. Broadway looked deserted. The office boys looked up dreamily at me, and, for the first time, I seemed to see some warmth in their eyes. It was evident they were pitying me. No one of importance seemed to be in, or, if one was in, he was engaged in a "conference." I was not daunted. With each new defeat I summoned up new courage, and marched hopefully on the "rounds." In the lobby of the Knickerbocker Theatre I met a young girl (she also was "going the rounds") about to go up to see Mr. X.

"Don't go up," I said to her; "he's not in."

We both continued on our way. We talked of the hopelessness of it all.

"Have you ever seen Mr. Y.?" she asked me, suddenly.

"No," I answered. "It's strange, by the way, that I haven't. I remember hearing so much about him. He did that beautiful production of '———,' didn't he?"

"Yes, that's he. Go and see him. He's fine. Not like the rest at all. At least he is courteous, and will listen to what you have to say."

I left her at once and went to see Mr. Y., the excitement of anticipation suddenly stirring in me.

I knocked at the door.

COME in," said a voice, rather indifferently. I hesitated. How foolish! I had expected a cordial voice. But I entered. The figure at the desk seemed much occupied. He did not look up, and I had a sudden impulse to run out before he saw me. He seemed to have forgotten that he had said "Come in," or he didn't seem to know that he had said it at all.

"Is Mr. Y. in?" I asked.

"Yes," said the figure, looking intently down upon a typewritten sheet in front of him and furrowing his brow.

"Are you Mr. Y.?" I proceeded, resolved now to "fight to a finish."

"Yes," said the figure, looking up at last.

'May I see you for a minute?" I ventured.

"Have you an appointment with me?" He was again busy with the paper.

"No," I said, shamefacedly.

"Then come tomorrow morning. I see people between ten and twelve in the morning, as a rule," he concluded.

Something in me urged me to go on.

"Can you not make an exception to your rule?" I was surprised by my boldness.

The figure looked up again and smiled. My heart began to sing.

"Very well. I have only a minute," he said.

I was so overjoyed and confused I began by addressing him as Mr. —— instead of Mr. Y. He corrected me gently. Now I would have my say, now I would tell all,—my dreams, my trials, my aspirations!

HE was a "gentle Romeo"!

I placed a chair in front of me to represent the balcony, he sat a few feet away on a large chair,—the "garden'—and we played the balcony scene. Ah, the joy of it! For over an hour we played and we talked, I flushed, excited, and overjoyed, he calm and gentle. He said he did not know there was "such a talent" meandering up and down Broadway. Oh, God, at last! I was to study with him for a few months, he was to allow me fifteen dollars a week, as a loan, during that time, to live on, and then he was to "bring me out" in a play!

I scrutinized his face; I gazed into his eyes—Yes, they were earnest and sincere. At last, at last! There rose in me a chorus—Juliet and Annchen and Nora and Hannele and Hedvig and—— They all sang in me, a song of joy and of hope! . . .

My veins throbbed wildly as I stepped from Mr. Y.'s office on to gloomy Broadway again.

I realize more and more definitely every day, that Broadway is not the place where I will develop, Broadway is not the road that leads to Juliet, to Hedvig, to Nora. No,—it is too superficial, too commercial. I watch the "star" of the play in which I now have a "real" part, the "star" who is paying for her place in this theatrical firmament, paying solid cash for her stellar rôle, I watch her as she comes in at 7.30 o'clock, goes through her part, and I know that my route to eminence as an actress is not via Broadway. My passion is to play, to make live, in the flesh, those characters which the geniuses of the world have made live in my imagination. I am ready to play these parts for ten dollars a week, for any amount that will just sustain me. . . And my colleagues regard their "playing" as jobs, for so much and so much per week. I look at the "writeups" I get in the papers, the praise of my acting, and I see the praise of the star's acting, who does not know and does not feel what acting means,—and then I look at the big advertisement which that paper carries for our play—and I wonder! I look at my picture in the paper. I look so pathetic to myself, photographed in that stupid rôle, in that preposterous position,—and I know that Broadway is not for me.

I, too, begin to regard my playing here as a "job"—but I am happy nevertheless, for while I am "jobbing" I am "feeling out the grounds" I am, as it were, in the enemy's camp,—and I am learning. I am studying the theatre, I am learning my art.

REHEARSALS fascinate me. While we were rehearsing this play I sat out front in the auditorium during the scenes in which I was not present, and I got so nervous watching the indifference of the players and the carelessness of the director that I had to leave. The director said I was making him nervous, making unconscious exclamations every few minutes.

I make friends with the stagehands and they teach me their art. A few days ago I took the place of the stage-manager, who was away during rehearsal, and the director said he hoped it would soon be the custom for women to be stage-managers.

I am "learning my trade," and this makes me happy, for I feel, more and more every day, that I must raise a structure, right here on Broadway, which will grow so strong and mighty that it will destroy all the other useless and decaying ones, a home for truth and beauty in the theatre, which, by force of its truth and beauty, will force the others "out of business."

Mr. Y. still talks of "producing" me in a stellar part,—but he is artist enough to realize the worthlessness of stardom on Broadway. But we continue to study and play together, and to wait patiently for the opportune time.

And yet it is so hard not to doubt one's self. That is the greatest danger—doubting one's self. I begin to ask myself: Am I right and are all these people wrong, or am I wrong and they right? They regard me as queer, "young and foolish." They all seem so happy,—always going to teas, to parties, always inviting each other to each other's houses, to friends' houses, to parties. They try to be secretive about these invitations,—for they never invite me, and they think I am hurt. Why don't they invite me, I wonder? I am always kind and polite to them, and I really love them,—but they always look bored when I speak to them about my aims in the theatre. Perhaps they fear I'll speak of my aims at their

parties. I really wouldn't, because I know what parties are, and I dislike them; so I'm glad they don't invite me. They are all so affectionate with each other, always calling each other "dear," and always kissing, but to me they are all exceedingly polite and tell me I am "awfully clever," and that they are sure I'll have a wonderful career,—but they all try to steer clear of me. I wonder why? Sometimes I try to speak with them as they speak among themselves,—but I soon begin to feel foolish and have the wildest desire to burst out laughing as I watch myself trying to be a "lady,"—and I must find an excuse for leaving them.

Today I had an interview with a newspaper reporter. "I never would take you for an actress," he said when he was leaving. "You ought to be a writer. But maybe," he said, apologetically, "you are the new type actress, the actress of the future." "Maybe I am," I answered, "I don't know." But the reporter's remark made me think. Perhaps I really am not an actress. But oh, I am, I am! My whole being tells me so! Is it possible that I am misleading myself? I know a young man, not quite five feet tall, rather stout, very ugly, and not altogether stupid, who is absolutely convinced that he is to be the greatest Romeo of all ages. He tells this to everyone and everyone laughs at him. But he persists. Is it possible that I am fooling myself, too? Oh, no, it can't be, for there are great artists who have taught me without remuneration solely because they think I am talented, and then Mr. Y. is willing to take a commercial as well as an artistic chance on me when the opportune time comes. I am an actress. . . But Broadway,—ah, it is not the place for me!

I LIKE the travelling about to the different cities. An old cynic once said to me: "The world is the same the world over," and I thought it would be so. But it isn't. Every new city contains hundreds of new interests for me. The street scenes, so different from New York, the buildings, the people, noticeably lazier and lazier as we travel farther South, the public institutions, the audiences we have,—all this interests me intensely. I walk for hours through the streets alone, studying the many faces that pass me by. I love to talk with the people and hear their tales. Sometimes they recognize me, having seen me at the theatre, and they do all in their power to please me. "There are good souls the world over," my cynic friend might have said,—and there are bitter ones and indifferent ones.

It is strange how surprised some of them look when they discover that I'm the actress they saw at the theatre that and that night. "Why?" I asked one woman, when she said she'd never have believed I was the same person if she didn't remember my face so well.

"Oh, well," she hesitated. "I don't know. I thought actresses were—well—I don't know—— I remember I had a cousin—this was many years ago—and she wanted to be an actress, and my aunt and uncle chased her out of the house. We don't know what's happened to her."

What notions they do have of actresses!—Which reminds me:

In one of the larger cities where we played one of the girls in the company, a charming, ambitious girl, and I lived in a furnished apartment. One afternoon the telephone rang, and a Dr. Jones wanted to speak to me. I was surprised, for I didn't know I had any acquaintances in that city.

"Are you Miss ——?" he asked.

"Yes. Who are you?" I answered.

"I am Dr. Jones."

"I am sorry, I don't think I can recollect," I apologized.

"Well," he replied, suavely, "I saw you at the theatre last night, Miss ——, and I thought you might like to come with me for a little ride this afternoon. Your address was given me by Mrs. K., the French lady, you know (I had given Mrs. K. some money toward a war fund some time ago). The weather is fine, and I have my car here ready."

I WAS tempted to make the offender learn a lesson.

"Oh, I should be delighted," I answered.

He was encouraged.

"But," I continued, "I am staying with Miss ——, whom you also doubtless remember. I shouldnt like to leave her alone."

"Certainly," he replied eagerly, "certainly. I'll take a friend along with me—a nice chap."

"Good," I said.

"I'll come at once." He was rushing matters. I wanted to prolong his torture.

"Well, not at once," I said; "we are not quite ready. Come in an hour."

"All right," he said, "though an hour is a long time."

"You'll have to be patient." I flirted with him with all my might.

"Very well—in an hour," he concluded joyously. "We'll have a good time."

"Now," I said to the other girl, "we'll give this dandy some medicine."

He came in an hour, to the minute. The bell began to ring, at first gently, confidently, then impatiently, then furiously. The other girl and I stood at the window, screened by the curtains, and enjoyed the spectacle. They arrived in a first-rate automobile, two well-fed dandies, looking very confident and very eager. One got out to ring the bell, the other waited. There was no response, and so they conferred with each other. Then the other got out to ring the bell, while the first one waited. Then they both went inside the hall and the bell rang riotously. My friend and I were enjoying it immensely. After twenty-five minutes of hard work, the two dandies stepped out of the hall, apparently not as confident and inflated as they were when they had stepped into it, got into the car, started the machine with a fierce jerk, and went off at top speed.

My friend and I stepped out from behind the curtains and had a good laugh all over again.

A FAILURE in Boston. Here we are, the whole company, not paid for two half weeks now,—and all they can give us is our transportation back to New York.

Last week, to our great surprise, we were given only half salaries on Saturday night, with the assurance that the other half would be paid us surely Monday night, before the performance,—that there had been some trouble about getting the money from the bank. We all graciously accepted this excuse. Monday night the manager was nowhere to be seen. The stage-manager was questioned, but he himself was upset—he had not received his salary at all, and he, too, was anxious. The "star," who it was known secretly was financing the production, smiled in all her superficial sweetness, and assured us we had no reason to fear. So the play went on. During the evening the manager suddenly appeared in the wings of the theatre, apologized profusely, and said our half salaries would positively be paid the next day, Tuesday. Tuesday evening arrived, and the time for making-up arrived, but no manager arrived. The company was a-flutter. Some said they would not play that night if the manager did not arrive with the money, whereupon some of the others pleaded with them not to do that. "Let's go on tonight," they said, "and if we dont get paid we won't go on with tomorrow's matineé." All but one agreed to this. This one immediately packed up his makeup and "jumped the show." "No tomfoolery with me," he snapped, as he left the theatre. "If they do me out of one-half week's salary that's enough for me." His understudy "doubled up" on the parts, and the play went on. The manager arrived during the performance that night, looking exceedingly distressed, and pleaded for one-half day more. The next day the money would surely be had, he said. The next day there was much excitement. It was discovered that the "star" had secretly left Boston the night before, after the performance. The manager was in distress. The house-manager would not let the understudy play the star's rôle. The house was kept dark all that day. The manager paid us the half salaries due us, the week was finished somehow or other, with hardly two hundred people in the audience, with the understudy in the star's part. . .

There seems to be no chance of getting the money due us. At the end of the week we receive our fare back to New York and a promissory note for the week's salary. Most of us try to make the best of it. What else can we do? The comedian of the company, an "old fellow in the game," glares at the manager and at the promissory note. "Keep your old note!" he shouts. "I have enough trash in my desk."

I AM dreaming the dream that has possessed me for many days: I shall establish a real people's theatre! I hardly dare to admit it to myself,—but the idea grips me more and more every day.

A real people's theatre! No commercialism, no private profits, great plays to be given, artists to direct, intelligent players to play, and the masses to be admitted! A theatre which will reflect the tendency of the day—democracy! A theatre where the vast majority of the people will be able to respond to the beautiful things to be given them there! A theatre that will be a spiritual schoolhouse for the people, not a place for low amusement! A theatre that will recreate the soul, the body and the mind of the people! A real People's Theatre! . . .

I have not yet confided my dream to anyone, and I fear to do so. I can hear them saying: "Oh, you're dreaming again!" "What chance does such a theatre stand here?" "Bah! Give up the idea!" "Stick to Broadway!" "Such a theatre is for an Utopia!" . . .

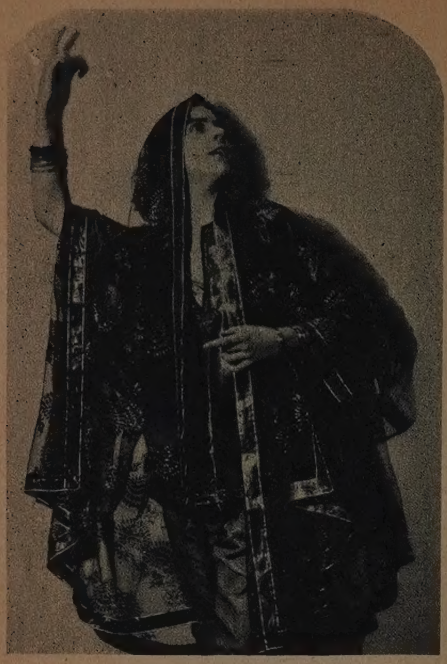
But no! I feel the dream taking definite shape in me! I begin to feel it living in me, as a mother feels the life of the babe she is to give to the world. I *will* establish a people's theatre! Away with the Great White Way! It is tottering to its ruin. It breeds stagnation and corruption.

I will raise my beautiful Dream in the midst of those crumbling hot-houses, and all will see the beauty of it, and worship!

From a portrait by Alfred Cheney Johnston

GRACE GEORGE

This charming commedienne has returned to Broadway in a new play by Frances Nordstrom entitled, "The Ruined Lady"



Goldberg

ROSHANARA

Who delighted all lovers of the dance in her recital at the Greenwich Village Theatre, recently

Goldberg

Johnston

VANDA HOFF

Another young daughter of Terpsichore who hails from Denishawn, the Ruth St. Denis school in California

Witzel

"Julnar of the Sea," a dance drama based on a story from "The Thousand and One Nights." Lillian Powell as Julnar and Miles Smith as Prince Bedi Basim

(Center)

MARGARET SEVERN

A dancing feature of "Linger Longer Letty," whose grace was a bright spot in the piece

DANCING SUCCESSES OF THE SEASON

rom a photograph by Apeda

Henry Miller, Margalo Gillmore, Jack Devereaux, Blanche Bates and Kathleen Comegys

Act. 3. With her husband entering into an affair with another woman, and her daughter about to run off with a disreputable character of the underworld, Mrs. Fair realizes that she owes a responsibility to her family as well as to her country and returns home a much chastened woman. This is the scene of reconciliation.

"THE FAMOUS MRS. FAIR" A BRILLIANT AMERICAN COMEDY

FIGHTING BOLSHEVISM WITH THE BIBLE

"The Wayfarer" Co-ordinates Present Unrest with Biblical History

NEW YORK, the city of contrasts, has had many paradoxical experiences, but certainly none more strange than the spectacle of an association of churches, the majority long antagonistic to the theatre, collaborating to produce "The Wayfarer," a gigantic pageant drama, in an auditorium but recently vacated by a horse show and a six-day bicycle race. Here, in a temporary theatre reconstructed from the vast recesses of Madison Square Garden, seating more than six thousand spectators, *blasé* New York saw unfolded a tremendous spectacle in seven scenes interpreted by a cast of more than three thousand persons headed by Walter Hampden as Wayfarer and Blanche Yurka as Understanding.

Aside from the merit of the production itself, its purpose is avowedly most important. Realizing the turmoil of doubt stirred up by the war, a doubt that shook the faith of countless thousands, spread revolution rampant and called all men to question long accepted values, the church conceived a potent answer in "The Wayfarer."

According to Lawrence H. Rich, the remarkable young director of the spectacle, "The Wayfarer" sprang spontaneously to meet the labor situation in Seattle, Wash.

"The Rev. Dr. James E. Crowther, who is the author of the play, is a Seattle minister," said Mr. Rich. "His work brought him up sharply against the big problem of the day. The city was full of labor propaganda of the most vicious sort; the streets full of labor agitators who spread their destructive gospel. The ministers of the churches tried to meet the situation by preaching long sermons. This didn't work. The people were up at high tension. The sermons bored them. So the clergyman turned to the stage. The plan won out. The ministers began by staging answers to the questions, 'What was the war all about?' 'Where is this labor unrest going to bring us?' The little pageants were taken out of Bible history to show that from time immemorial human beings have had problems similar to the ones we have today. Instead of taking a text in the bible and elaborating on it from the pulpit, the minister dramatized his text. The appeal was new to the eye, the ear, and the dramatic instincts, all at the same time. The Interchurch World Movement had organized an Industrial Relations Committee which was tackling the same problem. The members took up the Seattle idea."

At the Centenary Celebration at Columbus, commemorating the hundredth anniversary of the birth of Wesleyanism, the enthusiasm over "The Wayfarer" was intense. Twenty-three performances were given in the great Coliseum to audiences reaching the surprising number of 140,800 persons. On occasions, the waiting line at the box office was more than fifteen city blocks in length.

The story of the pageant presents the adventures and soul struggles of Wayfarer, the average man. He appears in the Prologue, an allegorical figure, discouraged by recent world events, disheartened over the outlook for mankind and inclined to doubt the potency of Christianity. Despair appears at his elbow and attempts still further to break his already wavering faith. He shows him in the first of the big scenes, a battle and a village in Flanders with all its attendant horrors. "How can these things be?" cries Wayfarer, and calls for Understanding.

She comes to him radiant, confi-

(*Continued on Page* 130)

The Savior's Tomb after the Resurrection

(Above)—The powers of Righteousness dispersing the dark forces of Despair

True to life types of New York's show girls cleverly depicted by Avery Hopwood in his play, "The Gold Diggers"

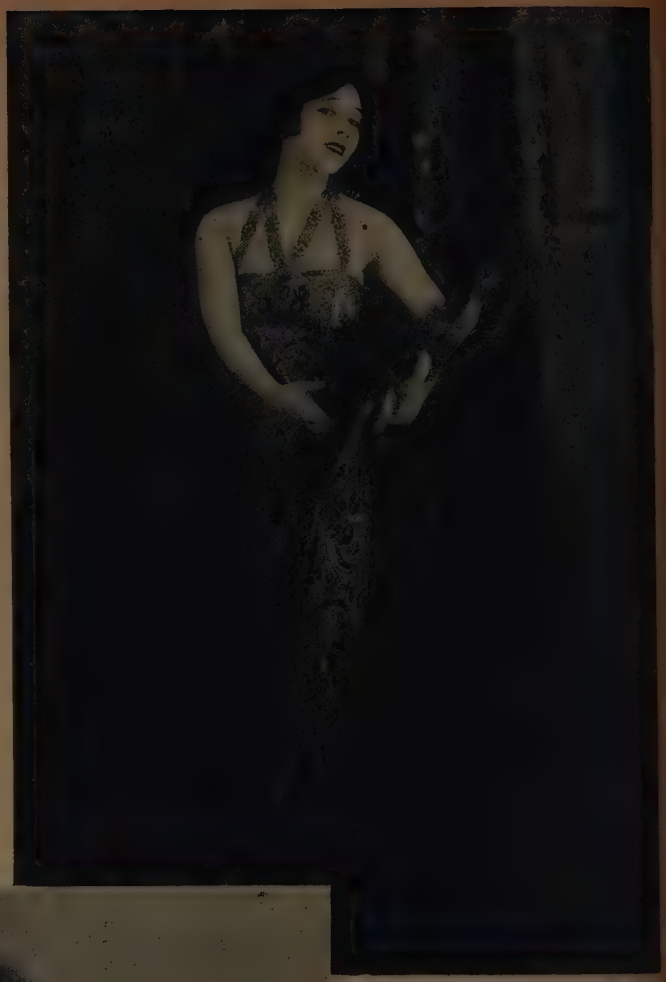
Ethel Barrymore, whose performance of Lady Helen Haden in "Declassée," is drawing crowds to the Empire

Eddie Leonard and Queenie Smith are two prime favorites in "Roly-Boly Eyes"

Some of the frolicsome members of the chorus in "Happy Days" at the Hippodrome

DORIS FAITHFUL

One of the "Greenwich Village Follies" beauties who proved she had ability by stepping into Bessie McCoy Davis' rôle and scoring a big hit



Fairchild

FANIA MARINOFF

Who will appear in May Tully's dramatization of Achmed Abdullah's novel, "Bucking the Tiger." This is Lewis J. Selznick's first venture in the dramatic field

Charlotte Fairchild

BEATRICE BECKLEY

This capable actress, who is Mrs. James K. Hackett in private life, is supporting Ethel Barrymore in "Declassée"

BEAUTY ON THE THEATRICAL FRONT

From a portrait by Alfred Cheney Johnston

Margaret Anglin

Who, after a long absence, returns to Broadway shortly in a new play

PERSONALITY PORTRAITS

No. 1. The Man Who Plays Lincoln

I AM likely to go down into history now with a great man."

So says Mrs. Lincoln to one of the neighbors in the first act of John Drinkwater's celebrated play. Spectators at the first New York performance found an added thrill in the words when they transferred them to the man who played the title rôle, Frank McGlynn. When they saw the great emancipator living again in the person of this quiet, forceful, splendid actor, these playgoers realize keenly that Frank McGlynn also was likely to go down into history now with a great man.

For the most amazing aspect of that memorable evening was not the gripping power of the Englishman's play about the Great American, but rather the success of this hitherto unknown player. As the reviewers phrased it, he "got to the soul of the character;" he seemed "actually to personify the nobleness, the shrewdness, the wisdom, the charity, and all the other characteristics of our Great Commoner"; and he was "so delightfully quiet, so removed from all struggle for stage effect, so certain of himself."

And so in every mind sprang up the question, Who is this man McGlynn? What sort of person is he? And where has he been all these years that we have never known him?

To begin with, Frank McGlynn is a hero of theatrical romance. When Destiny snatched this player from his comparative obscurity and set him overnight upon the pinnacle which is his present impersonation of America's best-loved and most-revered leader, there was wrought a fairy tale of the theatre that is difficult, indeed, to parallel. For in his minor way—the way of the mimic world which is the stage—the career of Frank McGlynn bears a striking resemblance to that of Abraham Lincoln.

McGLYNN is the son of a Western pioneer—the scion of a family of pioneers who crossed the plains beginning in the days of '49 and established themselves as important figures in the early history of California. Frank McGlynn was not a country-bred lad; he was reared rather on wind-swept Telegraph Hill in San Francisco. But much of his life was spent upon ranches in such regions as the Santa Clara valley, and he knows well how to swing an axe, wield a pitchfork, or break a wild horse to harness or to the saddle. Next to his love of the stage itself is McGlynn's fondness for horsemanship. As an expert swimmer and oarsman he knows all the currents of the Bay of San Francisco. As Abraham Lincoln was a rail-splitter and a wrestler, so his impersonator is an athlete and a lover of the great outdoors.

Like Lincoln, too, much of McGlynn's education—which, by the way, is broad and thorough—was obtained in a law office. The old-fashioned watch the actor carries in the Drinkwater play was given to him by his grandfather as a stimulus in his legal studies. But ultimately the call of the stage was too strong for him. For his mother's sake he gave up the life of a ranchman, and for his art he left the bar to seek his fortune on the boards.

The parallel between McGlynn and Lincoln does not cease with the similarity of outward circumstances. It continues into the more essential qualities of physical and moral constitution. Off the stage the actor does not look like the great President. Had McGlynn lived in Lincoln's day, he never would have been mistaken for the statesman's double. The startling stage resemblance is largely a triumph of make-up. But McGlynn is tall, deep-chested, muscular, wiry—as Lincoln was. And he has "an amorphous and craglike face" as Lincoln had. His steel-blue eyes are deepset. His nose is altogether Roman. No one would think of describing his features as delicate. But they are decidedly strong.

Persons who believe that the prime of life comes earlier than fifty would do well to study Frank McGlynn. As Lincoln was at the time of his Presidency, so this actor is at the height of his career—virile, rugged, dynamic. And as he is strong, so is he gentle and kindly.

PLAYGOERS who like to believe—and who among them that amounts to anything, don't?—that the actor playing an exalted rôle is in private life similarly upright and irreproachable, may rest amply satisfied as regards Frank McGlynn. A devout Roman Catholic, he has striven always to direct his life in accordance with the principles of his faith.

And "faith" is the word that inevitably springs to one's lips in characterizing this man. Although his life has had a large share of sadness and misfortunes, of hopes deferred and bitter disappointment, he has never wavered in his conviction as to divine beneficence. Concerning his career, he has said always, "God has given me certain talents, and He will not let them be wasted." As a character actor McGlynn has been many times called upon to impersonate villains. "I have always tried to play such rôles," he explains, "in such a fashion as to make vice so loathsome and repulsive that people would instinctively shun it. And that," he adds without reservation or hesitancy, "is what the drama is for."

And where has he been all these years that the Broadway stage has known so little of him?

He began his theatrical career in New York. He has a singing voice—a lyric bass—and his first experience was in comic opera at the old Casino: he impersonated an Indian and danced with Molly Fuller in "The Gold Bug." Later he played in "Under the Red Robe" at the Empire, ultimately doubling the important part of Clon, the dumb man, with that of Richelieu.

HIS first real opportunity came when, during the road tour of "The Only Way," Henry Miller left the company and advanced Edward Morgan to the title rôle. That gave the part of Defarge to McGlynn, who once in an emergency had demonstrated his ability on short notice to do high-grade acting. The present writer well recalls what was McGlynn's sixth performance of the rôle some twenty years ago in Denver, when Edward Morgan, the greatest of Sidney Cartons, was most adequately supported by a most skillful Defarge.

Later on came "Rupert of Hentzau," in support of Howard Gould. In that company, McGlynn met Rose O'Byrne. Three weeks later they were married. Their family comprises four daughters and two sons. And on the night that "Abraham Lincoln" opened at the Cort Theatre in New York, Mrs. McGlynn was immeasurably the happiest woman in the world.

In addition to his road experience the subject of this sketch has had an extended career in stock. At several times he managed a company, and for a number of years he played character parts and villains in companies in New York under the Proctor and Keith management. And there the managers and the critics might have found and recognized him, but as usual did not. Or, perhaps, it would be fairer to say that McGlynn's time had not yet come.

It came many years later—after he had for a while deserted the stage for the screen. As a thoroughly trained actor and a rough rider, he was naturally in demand for Western film melodramas; and the man who plays Lincoln so successfully today knows how to fall from a horse when he is shot before the camera in a sagebrush encounter. Ultimately, however, the call of the speaking stage once more grew irresistible to him.

Such in brief is the course of preparation which qualified Frank McGlynn for his present acting triumph. That it is a triumph we shall all realize more and more as time goes on. "Mr. McGlynn's performance," writes the critic of the New York *Times*, "is exactly right—right in appearance, in voice, in feeling—so right that at first you say, 'How like!' and later forget it is not Lincoln into whose presence you have come. The courage, the native dignity, the whimsical understanding, the great kindliness, the very spirit of Lincoln is in this glowing impersonation."

BUT Frank McGlynn puts it another way. "I can't tell you," he says simply, "how happy I was to find that I had played Lincoln without shocking anybody."

It was the chance remark of one friend of Lester Lonergan's to another that resulted in the choice of McGlynn to play the part of Abraham Lincoln. The remark was repeated to Mr. Lonergan at the time when he and William Harris, Jr., were seeking an actor for the part. Then began a country-wide search for the player, whom they finally located in a company which was trying out on the road a new play, in which McGlynn was acting a character part. Though he was without a hint as to the purpose of his hasty summons to New York, the thought flashed over him, "I wonder if they could want me for that Lincoln rôle?"

"If I were of sufficient importance to write the story of my career," says Frank McGlynn, "I should begin it with the night of the first performance of 'Abraham Lincoln.' I should dedicate the volume to my wife and children. Then I should tell of what happened that night in the theatre, and for my part in it in all humility I would thank God. And I should take the opportunity to thank the man who had the courage to give an obscure actor this wonderful chance—William Harris. And I should thank John Drinkwater for his beautiful play—to me the supreme vehicle. And then I should thank that master of stagecraft, Lester Lonergan, whose guiding hand chafed this production, whose gentle and fraternal consideration made possible this dramatic achievement. And finally, I should thank the ladies and gentlemen of that wonderful audience for the ovation they accorded us.

CHARLTON ANDREWS.

From a portrait, copyright, Maurice Goldberg

Frank McGlynn as Lincoln

A notable stage portrait of America's Great Emancipator

Photos Alfred Cheney Johnston

(Left)

IRENE BARKER

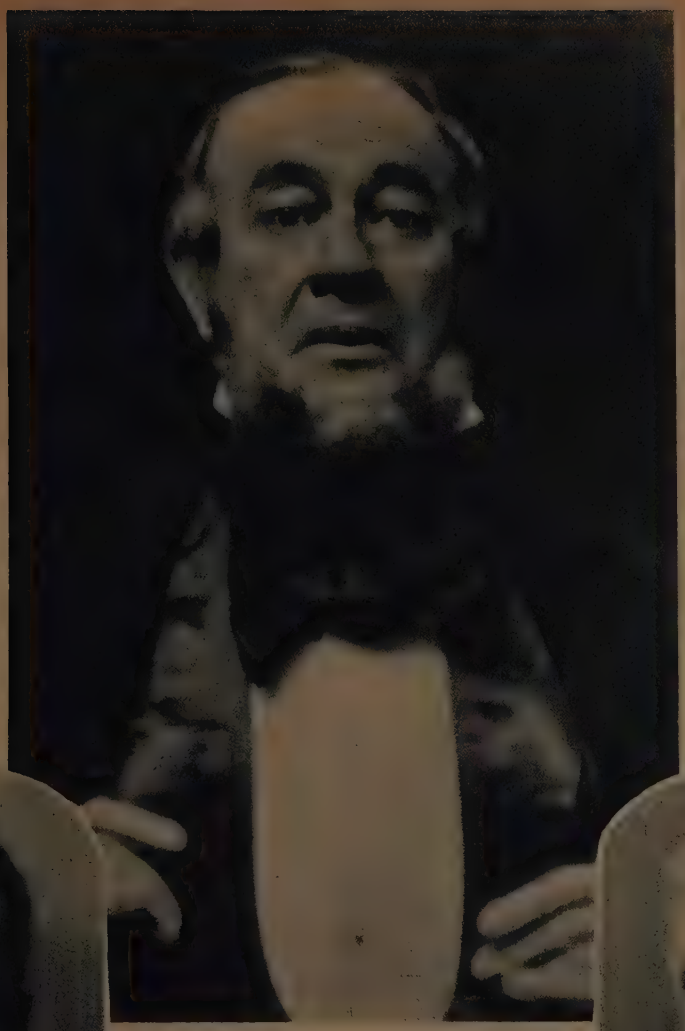
Who is not only one of the prettiest of the girls, but who plays a leading part in the new "Ziegfeld Midnight Frolic"

(Right)

MARY HAY

One of the main reasons for the success of the "Follies" is this young beauty who is a new addition to the Ziegfeld ranks

FLOWERS FROM BROADWAY'S BEAUTY BOUQUET



JAMES K. HACKETT

The Theatre Guild brought Silas Lapham from out the printed pages of William Dean Howells' novel and transferred him to the stage of the Garrick. In the title rôle of, "The Rise of Silas Lapham," Mr. Hackett was extraordinarily successful

Maurice Goldberg

ALFRED LUNT

Who jumped into popularity over night by his splendid personation of Clarence in Booth Tarkington play of that name

Marcia Stein

CLAUDE KING

A welcome newcomer to the American stage is this actor who is lending Ethel Barrymore excellent support in "Declassée"

Campbell

KENNETH DOUGLAS

As one of the "Too Many Husbands," this English actor proved that he is one of our most expert farceurs

Victor Georg

BARNEY BERNARD

Who has reached stardom—and deserves it—for his splendid characterization of Abe Potash

MEN OF THE HOUR IN THE THEATRE

THE THEATRICAL ANGEL

Some interesting and little known facts about the man behind the show

By FREDERICK C. RUSSELL

IN the theatrical game everyone comes in for a generous share of press notices except the man behind the man behind the show. In the vernacular of the street he is known as the "angel"—the moving spirit of any theatrical venture. Even to the profession he is always known as the bank-roll but never as a personality. Every show has its "angel" just as every show has its leading lady, but just so long as he foots the bills no one is concerned with his ambitions or his whereabouts. It is only when he overdraws his bank account that the members of the production sit up and take notice. But then they begin to seek another "angel" whilst "angel" number 1 goes back to the cloak and suit business.

Without even newspaper publicity!

If a Hammerstein goes bankrupt or somebody's play fails hopelessly there is all manner of talk about it. Indeed, one production this season attained a certain degree of popularity on the strength of the curiosity aroused by the critics who unanimously branded it as the year's worst show. But where does the man who plays the game come in? The costume designer figures conspicuously on the program, yet he usually contributes nothing save his reputation—and is well paid for his work. The "angel" not only contributes the "where-with-all" but too frequently loses it. He is never featured on the program. Be his name Jones or Smith he is never referred to as anything but the "angel." No one cares to know him personally. He is merely a good sport who makes the whole thing possible. Yet when the show fails the chorus girls grumble because they must wait until the properties are salvaged before they can collect their salaries.

THE "angel" drops $25,000 on a bad production and nobody even takes the trouble to give him a write-up.

But what about him? What sort of person is he? Would he make interesting reading if his end of the game were featured? Personally, I think he would. Particularly because "angels" have invariably been failures—and failures are sometimes more interesting than successes. A man's failure carries with it a highly dramatic story which contains all manner of advice and instruction to those who would court success in the particular line of endeavor.

Hardly without an exception, the men who have made their fortunes—or their mark, as we say—in the show business have been the men behind the show, the producers; not the men behind the producers. The reason for this is not so apparent at first. On the surface both producer and "angel" are plain, ordinary, business men with a perfectly natural craving for fortune and fame. Why the producer gets both and why the angel gets neither is not the irony of Fate as some would have us believe. It is simply that the producer has—though it is often difficult to detect—a certain very definite artistic instinct plus a more intimate knowledge of the business. A producer may have started in the capacity of song-writer or barn-storming actor, risen through the various stages until he comes to the point where the showman instinct in him cries out, "Now I want my own show!" That is the top-notch in the chain of his ambition. He is then a producer. Strangely, even though his first attempt is hopeless, the profession will be alert to recognize his ability; his shortcomings he will discover himself. Witness the career of A. H. Woods, for example, who next season will have thirty companies in the principal cities and on the road. The beginning was anything but easy sledding for him, yet when the first avalanche of failure threatened to snow him under he did not drop out of the theatrical firmament. Not he!

AND why didn't he take a job as a bond salesman, living forever after the life ordinary? Why? Simply because he had a desire to make money, and back of it an ambition to become a successful producer. Woods—as he has said himself—is not as interested in the artistic as others in his line. But all producers—considered as a class—nurse a desire to do something unusual in theatricals; to produce a "Girl of The Golden West" or a "Merry Widow."

The "angel" never entertains any such ideas. He figures out on paper how much Ziegfeld "must" be making on his annual production. It looks like a lucrative game; certainly it is fascinating in comparison with figuring out profit on silk sales! And so the "angel," whose experience in the theatrical game can be summed up by the fact that someone told him the gross receipts of the New York Hippodrome once hit the high mark of $55,000 in one week, decides to have his fling.

No sooner is the bee buzzing in his head than he falls prey to a producer who "has a wonderful revue in contemplation" but who "needs a little to put it on successfully." Verily the show is incorporated and the rehearsals proceed. The opening is scheduled for Stamford, Conn. On that memorable night our "angel" closes his desk, steps into his car, and motors to the scene of his new game. It is fascinating, but his obscurity is trying. The members of the company do not recognize him. The door-keeper mistakes him for a "Johnny."

THE newspaper representatives are busy seeking interviews with the stars. Obviously not welcome behind stage the "angel" wanders around to the main entrance and there finds the producer the centre of an admiring group of enthusiasts. Out of respect the "angel" is introduced, but not being one of them he naturally receives a cold-shoulder.

Then the "angel" pulls himself together with the assurance that it is the money and not the society he is seeking. He resolves to think only of the profit—to regard the venture as a trip to Monte Carlo which, if successful, will put him in the millionaire class and give him the social standing he has long been craving for.

But the try-out is a "frost." In his own crude way the "angel" figures that the book and music needs a good deal of revamping and that the production could easily stand another $5,000 for costumes and sets. The producer assures him of this. It is not a pleasant thought since the "angel" has already laid out $20,000.

At a midnight conference it is decided to call in a play-doctor. But he, of course, will not consider the proposition without a generous fee paid "in advance." Orders are placed for two new sets and several more stunning changes for the chorus. The burden of the whole thing falls on the "angel" who, having plunged that deep, is determined to see it through.

What he sees is this. The production is mildly received on Broadway. Some reviewers praise, but the majority find enough faults to make their criticisms luke-warm. The public is indifferent. The show lives mostly on the overflow from the hit next door. The production drags along at an average gross of $4,000 weekly. The cast alone costs $5,000! On one hand the "angel" is advised to stick to it in the belief that many a failure blossoms into a strong attraction in the course of time. "It will be a hit on the road." "Chicago will go wild over it." "The Broadway run is in the nature of an advertisement." "Stick to it; you'll win out!" Another group advise him to place a "planet" in the show—that is, some actress who can draw the public to witness anything. At $2,000 per week! But the "angel" has an opinion of his own. He resolves to retire from the nightmare before the wolves come knocking at his door.

IT is here that the producer discovers the need for a little more "outside capital." He finds another "angel" in the shape of a roué who wishes to boost an artist's model to fame. Between performances the show is revamped to accommodate the new leading lady. Manhattan is bill-posted with a new and attractive lithograph and business booms for a while. But only for a while!

The first "angel" watches his plaything with keen interest. Perhaps it will net him a profit after all; especially with the new additions to the ranks. The dream, however, is suddenly shattered by the producer's calm announcement that the show will close Saturday night. Angel No. 2 appears not a bit disturbed by the fact. If the truth were known, by sinking a few thousand into the venture he was but living up to his end of a contract made with the woman he promised to star—all of which you see is a purely personal matter.

"Angel" No. 1, however, cannot see why the show should close just when it is beginning to take. A visit to the producer's office reveals the fact that the showman is out of town for the opening of a new production. "This one," he is told, "will be a sensation."

The man behind the old show has then apparently deserted his post, and the man behind him can't get ahead (*Concluded on page* 136)

Photo Atwell

"THE BIRTHDAY OF THE INFANTA." A DANCE BASED ON OSCAR WILDE'S STORY

This month will bring to New York the presentation of "The Birthday of the Infanta," by the Chicago Opera Company. Adolph Bolm has staged and mounted the production in an effective manner. Bolm, himself, dances the part of the ugly hunchback who dies of a broken heart upon viewing his ugliness in a mirror. The settings by Robert Edmond Jones, and the music by John Alden Carpenter, add much to this fascinating story of Oscar Wilde's.

Maurice Goldberg

CECIL ARDEN

The young American singer whose beautiful voice is making a reputation for her at the Metropolitan

Maurice Goldberg

MABEL GARRISON

As Rosina in "The Barber of Seville," at the Metropolitan, Miss Garrison displayed a remarkable coloratura

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(Centre).

MARY GARDEN

A bright star in the ranks of the Chicago Opera Company. She is seen here as Gismonda

© Matzene

GALLI CURCI

Whose flute-like voice and remarkable trills have made her a sensational success. New York will hear her again with the Chicago Opera Company

SONG BIRDS OF TWO OPERA COMPANIES

From a portrait by Alfred Cheney Johnston

BILLIE BURKE

Adorable Billie is as charming as ever in her new play "Caesar's Wife" at the Liberty. Theatre-goers are to see her soon as Lady Teazle in a revival of "The School for Scandal"

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STAGE STARS AT ACTORS' EQUITY BALL

1st row (left to right), H. Reeves Smith, John Charles Thomas, Ethel Barrymore, John Barrymore, Charles Dalton. Back row: Charles King, Bruce McRae, Charles Cherry. This group of popular players unfurled the Actors' Equity Emblem at the Hotel Astor recently

Bruguiere

GUY BOLTON

This prolific young playwright has a score of Broadway successes to his credit. He collaborated on such popular pieces as, "Oh, Boy," "Polly With a Past," "Adam and Eva," and he is also partly responsible for "The Light of the World"

© Moffett

White

MIMI AGUGLIA

This Italian actress displayed her emotional powers to New York audiences in "The Whirlwind," recently at the Standard Theatre

Edward Johnson and Evelyn Herbert, two brilliant young American artists of the Chicago Opera Company. Miss Herbert, a Brooklyn girl, who sprang into fame over night, and Mr. Johnson who as Eduardo di Giovanni won fame in Italy, show their interest in theatricals by reading the THEATRE MAGAZINE

MR. HORNBLOW GOES TO THE PLAY

CORT. "ABRAHAM LINCOLN." Play by John Drinkwater. Presented on December 15, with this cast:

A Chronicler	Leonard Mudie
Stone	Thomas Irwin
Cuffney	Thomas J. Keogh
Susan	Florence Johns
Mrs. Lincoln	Winifred Hanley
Mr. Lincoln	Frank McGlynn
Tucker	Forest Davis
Hind	Thomas Vaiden
Price	Duncan Cherry
MacIntosh	Penwood Batkins
White	Charles Fleming
Seward	John S. O'Brien
Jennings	William R. Randall
Hawkins	Conrad Cantzen
Hay	Paul Byron
Messenger	J. Phillip Jerome
Salmon Chase	Frank E. Jamison
Montgomery Blair	Ernest Bostwick
Simon Cameron	Herbert Curtis
Caleb Smith	Joseph Reed
Burnet Hook	William A. Norton
Gideon Welles	Alfred Moore
Mrs. Goliath Blow	Mary Horne Morrison
Mrs. Otherly	Jennie A. Eustace
William Custis	Charles S. Gilpin
Stanton	David Landau
General Grant	Albert Phillips
Aide to Gen. Grant,	George Williams
Dennis	Charles P. Bates
William Scott	Raymond Hackett
General Meade	Frank Ginter
General Lee	James Durkin
John Wilkes Booth	J. Paul Jones
Doctor	Charles Brill

HISTORICAL plays with well known figures as protagonists are as a rule highly theatrical in scheme and treatment. The truth is often wrenched and for the sake of effect relative details are frequently distorted—all that the central character may more than proportionately absorb its share of the lime-light. The actor loves this type of play. On the shelves of pure literature it finds no place.

But into this field of personal historic presentment has come an English poet, John Drinkwater, who contributes for the real edification of the audiences of this country an absorbingly impressive play, "Abraham Lincoln," an episodic, but gripping picture of some of the chief incidents in the picturesque and tragic career of the great, revered and well beloved American statesman.

To my mind, the reason this play is such a good one, is that it was written by a poet who is also an Englishman. For he brought to his work just that detachment an American author would have found impossible. The native, so full of his subject, from the patriotic point of view, would have tried to get in too much. Mr. Drinkwater paints with a restrained but big brush, with bold and slashing strokes and yet obtains effects that are beautifully revelatory in their intimate finesse. Binding together the six incidents, all that are needed to portray the frankness, tenderness, grasp, common sense, humor and power of the dominating Lincoln, are explanatory lyrics delivered before the curtain by a man, dressed in the habit of the period called "A Chronicler." These are gems of poetical thought and feeling; true reflexes of a sympathetic soul. I didn't quite like Mr. Leonard Mudie's reading of them. He was too hurried and monotonous to bring out their complete beauty.

The quality of the piece is of the highest order. Its simplicity and freedom from the grandiose and banal, make it particularly valuable. Certain episodes are better than others because of their intrinsic histrionic worth. The two scenes at Grant's Headquarters near Appomattox are perhaps the high spots in a performance, staged with splendidly appropriate settings, devised by Livingston Platt and enacted by a large company, selected with unusual care for the proper delineation of its host of historic characters.

Frank McGlynn in the title rôle gives an interpretation that has made him famous over night. It is quite wonderful in its externals while the humanity, sweetness and breadth of view of the original are depicted with graphic verisimilitude.

John S. O'Brien as Seward, William A. Norton as Burnet Hook, a fictitious personage embodying the general spirit of internal opposition with which Lincoln had to contend, Alfred Moore as Gideon Welles, David Landau as Stanton, Albert Phillips as Gen. Grant and James Durkin as Gen. Lee are all admirable. Raymond Hackett as a youth sentenced to be shot for sleeping on post is acted with rare, pathetic skill.

"Abraham Lincoln" is the artistic triumph of the season.

BROADHURST. "SMILIN' THROUGH." Play in a prologue and three acts by Allan Langdon Martin. Produced on December 30 with this cast:

The Mother of the Boy	Miss Lalive Brownell
The Mother of the Girl	Miss Elaine Inescort
John Carteret,	Mr. Henry Stephenson
Dr. Owen Harding	Mr. Ethelbert D. Hales
Ellen	Miss Charlotte Granville
Kathleen Dungannon	Miss Cowl
Willie Ainley	Mr. Philip Tonge
Kenneth Wayne	Mr. Orme Caldara
Mary Clare	Miss Elaine Inescort
Jeremiah Wayne	Mr. Orme Caldara
Moonyeen Clare	Miss Cowl

SPIRITISM is having its innings nowadays, and Allan Langdon Martin's "Smilin' Through" is one of the most promising of the recent "other side" plays. It is a rather tedious story of stubborn hatred interfering with love's young dream, but Jane Cowl manages to irradiate the piece with much of her unfailing charm.

In the prologue ghosts of half a century ago peer into the quaint garden, where a disappointed suitor killed her who was to be another's bride, and where now the slayer's son woos the niece of the murdered woman. They would like to further the match — these long-departed shades—but hatred in the heart of the girl's Uncle John all but proves an unsurmountable obstacle. It takes the war, the return of the young lover crippled, and his self-sacrificing attempt to release his sweetheart from their engagement to overcome Uncle John's grim opposition. But eventually the old man is united with his spirit bride in the after-life.

Meanwhile, there has been a deal of quarreling between the irascible uncle and his old crony, Dr. Harding. Some of it is comic, but most of it is dull. Indeed, only when Miss Cowl is on the stage—which, fortunately, is much of the time—does the play become at all interesting. And even then it is scarcely the play, but Miss Cowl, that wins.

Never more beautiful or captivating, she is at her best in this new play. Her art, simple and natural, achieves always the maximum of effect with what appears to be a minimum of effort. In her moments of humor (it is with a rich Irish

brogue, by the way) and of pathos she is irresistible, and she reaches lofty heights of true tenderness and convincing emotion.

The other rôles are in skillful hands. Indeed, the play is generally much better acted than it deserves to be.

HENRY MILLER'S. "THE FAMOUS MRS. FAIR." Play in four acts by James Forbes. Produced on December 22, with this cast:

Sylvia Fair	Margalo Gillmore
Alan Fair	Jack Devereaux
Nora	Betty Hall
E. Dudley Gillette	Robert Strange
Angelica Brice	Virginia Hammond
Nancy Fair	Blanche Bates
Jeffrey Fair	Henry Miller
Mrs. Norman Wynne	Dallas Tyler
Mrs. Kellett Brown	Marian Lord
Mrs. Stuart Perrin	Maude Allen
Mrs. Leslie Converse	Alice Baxter
Mrs. Gilbert Wells,	Florence Williams
Peggy Gibbs	Kathleen Comegys

I PREDICT a long run and a London season for "The Famous Mrs. Fair," the new comedy in which Blanche Bates and Henry Miller are now playing at the latter's playhouse. It is a play of the moment, entertainingly developed and thoroughly worth while.

The drama of war reaction has been due this some time past. Plays of the "Civilian Clothes" variety are in the transitory stage from the dyed-in-the-wool war play, which, they tell us, the dear public is "fed up on." "Mrs. Fair" is the banner bearer of a distinct after-the-war class of entertainment. The author takes as his theme a post war problem which has crept into more than one home in our fair land, and amusingly proceeds to its solution, through a wealth of dramatic situations and an abundance of fine humor.

Mrs. Fair returns from France after a war sojourn of four years. She had quit her quiet Long Island home, her husband, her twenty year old son and her daughter and gone off on a mission of relief work. Enthusiastic at being home again, she attempts to settle back into the old life of caring for her family who have missed her sorely. But the new energy and spirit of accomplishment born in France leaves her restless and unhappy and in spite of her love for her family and her husband's demand that she stay at home, she seeks relief from the *ennui* of a quiet Long Island existence in "Women's Club" work and lecture tours. Her family becomes estranged. Her husband enters into a *liaison*, her son marries below his station and her daughter, now seventeen, is inveigled into the fast night life of New York. It is not until the child runs off with a character of the underworld because she feels that he is the only one who loves her and wants her that Mrs. Fair realizes what she has sacrificed to her ambition.

Mr. Forbes' play being a comedy, of course things end happily. I shall not tell how in all fairness to the management. But the play remains tense until the end and its third act is as good as its first, something not to be said for many dramatic products of the current season.

Judged from a technical viewpoint there is faulty indecision on the part of the author in determining the sympathies he is endeavoring to create. "Mrs. Fair" will not be a great comedy until the audience knows, and knows surely, where its sympathy lies. At one moment we are with Mrs. Fair, then our hopes are for her husband, and in the final act it is the daughter who captures the rôle of protagonist. This objection might have been partly overcome by a more distinctive performance on the part of Miss Bates in the title rôle. The immense charm of her playing is marred by a recurring tendency to pose and strike attitudes, and there is a supertensity to her treatment of "situations" which fails to harmonize with the philosophical understanding sort of character that Mr. Forbes has endeavored to draw.

Mr. Miller gives a finished, restrained interpretation of the husband, and it is the very plausibility of his work which tends to shift sympathy improperly in his direction.

The young Miss Margalo Gillmore as the daughter is excellent and as pretty a sprite as ever gladdened one's eyes. The balance of the cast is mediocre.

NEW AMSTERDAM. "BEAUCAIRE." Romantic opera in three acts, founded on Booth Tarkington's story. Libretto by Frederick Lonsdale, lyrics by Adrian Ross. Music by André Messager. Produced on Dec. 11, with this cast:

Monsieur Beaucaire	Marion Green
Philip Molyneux	John Clarke
Frederick Bantison	Lennox Pawle
Rakell	Spencer Trevor
Francois	Yvan Servais
Duke of Winterset	Robert Parker
Beau Nash	Robert Cunningham
Townbrake	Andre Brouard
Captain Badger	Percy Carr
Joliffe	Harry Frankiss
Bicksitt	Eric Snowden
Marquis de Mirepoix	Yvan Servais
Lucy	Marjorie Burgess
Countess of Greenbury	Barbara Esme
A Girl (in Act One)	Ellen Grubb
Lady Mary Carlisle	Blanche Tomlin

WHEN men and women, whether they be of the unsophisticated and sentimental type, or the soured, disillusioned, blasé variety, can, for a few brief hours, steep themselves in an atmosphere of Romance, in a fairy Loveland, where all the ladies are winsome and appealing, and all the men are gallant, handsome and persuasive lovers; where nothing sordid or unbeautiful has a place; where innocence and beauty reign, they are certain to feel refreshed in mind and spirit after those few hours have ended.

In powdered wigs, quaint, billowing hoop skirts, satin breeches, their faces dotted with black beauty patches, jeweled snuff boxes in their white, ringed hands, silver buckles setting of their Colonial pumps, and with sweeping curtsies and pompous manners, the characters in André Messager's opera, "Monsieur Beaucaire," lure their audience into just this sort of romantic land of long ago.

Because the company, which is English, is such a capable one, and the members so painstaking in their portrayals, and because the performance is so admirably staged in every detail, the desired illusion is maintained throughout this entire romantic episode of the Eighteenth century. It is the gossamer, fairy-like creation, in which Daisy Ashford, of "Young Visitors" fame, would have reveled.

Monsieur Beaucaire, who, perhaps because of love of adventure—his real purpose is not divulged—masquerades, sometimes as a barber, sometimes as a gambler, but principally as the Marquis of Chateau Rien, which, in English, means Chateau Nothing, when, in reality, he is the distinguished Duke of Orleans, cousin of the King of France, is played by Marion Green, who, at all times, deservedly, attracts all eyes to himself. He is a debonair, deucedly good-looking, and devilishly dashing Duke, and the timbre of his voice is clear and sweet, particularly when he sings the Rose song in the first act.

John Clarke, his main support, is likewise easy to gaze upon, in his stunning crimson and lace costume, only he is too well aware of this fact, which has a tendency to mar his work slightly. As the friend and confidant of Monsieur Beaucaire, he has one of the leading rôles, and several of the best song numbers. Lennox Pawle, fat, droll, whimsical, as a garden party host, is the comedy king of the cast:

(Below)

Photo Abbe

Cynthia Perot and Stanley Ridges in "The Rose of China," a musical comedy with a Chinese setting

White

Leo Donnelly, Dallas Welford, Ernest Truex and Eileen Wilson in the amusing farce, "No More Blondes." Mr. Welford is the butler who has reduced blackmail to a science, and Mr. Truex the bridegroom who tries to appear brave

hite

Lowell Sherman and Mary Ryan in a tense scene in "The Sign on the Door"

CURRENT PLAYS OFFER LAUGHTER, MUSIC AND THRILLS

Spencer Trevor, as the sharp-tongued cynic, mocking and jibing at his friends' weaknesses of character, has practically all of the sparkling lines, and he gives them clever shading, and does it with relish; and Robert Parker knows well how to be a titled villain without overdoing his villainy.

Marjorie Burgess is captivating as Molyneux's sweetheart, and, in face, age and form, is better equipped to play Lady Mary, the famous young beauty of Bath, than is Blanche Tomlin, who, however, sings her rôle pleasingly, and has no great difficulty in winning favor.

PLAYHOUSE. "FOR THE DEFENSE." Play in three acts by Elmer L. Rice. Produced on December 19, with this cast:

Miss Brinton	Virginia Jones
Miss Smith	Louise Closser Hale
Margaret Cameron	Frederica Going
Mrs. Reed	Louise Sydmeth
Jennie Dunn	Mary Jeffery
Madame Petrard,	Georgette Passedoit
Dr. Kasimir	John Sainpolis
Collins	Charles Coghlan
Anne Woodstock	Winifred Lennihan
Selma Thorne	Adrienne Morrison
Dr. William Lloyd,	H. St. Clair Hales
Christopher Armstrong	Richard Bennett
Jane	Angela Ogden
Officer McClellan	Walter Brown
Inspector Austin	William A. Crimmans
Judge Gray	George Riddell

"FOR THE DEFENSE," by Elmer Rice, the originator of the "cut back" drama ("On Trial"), is a mechanical thing, with a superficial humanness that saves it from being Nothing.

In this sense it is not cheap, for it is an achievement of dramaturgical skill, human acting, good judgment and deftness in management.

For instance, it is a picturesque Hindoo Yogi who is murdered and whose disposition, by foul means or fair, is earnestly desired by all beholders from the moment they are apprised of his character. We have the satisfaction from the beginning of knowing that somebody is going to kill him.

It may be doubted if this element in drama has ever been arrived at more successfully. It is a complete demonstration of the proper fate of all Yogis, at least of those who, as a side pastime, compromise, hypnotize and ruin, by blackmail or otherwise, feminist believers in the occult, beautiful or unbeautiful. He is murdered by one of them as we see in a "cut back." Inasmuch as the Yogi was already dead at the time and the trial of an innocent suspect was going on, the verisimilitude of it was somewhat impaired.

However it had its compensations. The District Attorney has allowed the trial of a woman whom he knows to be innocent to go on. He has reason to believe that his own sweetheart has killed Cock Robin. In due course there is a confession by a fiery girl, the companion and bosom friend of the sweetheart, that she did it in order to rescue the sweetheart, who had been hypnotized and carried into the Yogi's room off R. and the door locked. We have the certainty—suggested by the Judge who is to preside over the case—that no jury will convict her.

As suggested, the ingenuity of the story is crafty, but there would be no absorbing interest without the humanness of the acting, first of all, of Winifred Lennihan as the innocent girl beloved by the District Attorney. In moments of perplexity and distress, her emotional qualities made one forget the mechanical nature of the play.

Another bit of natural acting was that of the girl's negro maid by Angela Ogden. A sympathetic old soul with a sense of humor, she. John Sainpolis as the Yogi held the honors in sheer good acting, but the completely discredited character of the insinuating, ingratiating dog will always, necessarily deprive Mr. Sainpolis of full credit. Then, again, he was so thoroughly disguised in a turban and flowing robe that he was hardly Mr. Sainpolis at all. Mr. Bennett played with impressive distinction, of course.

Then there was Mary Jeffrey, the Yogi's maid, who spurned the Hindoo's momentary access of desire in a most satisfactory manner. The maid was a little too stout for aggressive lovemaking from anybody but there was a touch of Nature about her opposition to the Yogi's approach that made her kin to the whole world of honest women. And she was about to be hanged for the murder! There was other good, human acting. We forbear to comment in detail. Louise Closser Hale was in the cast. The acting and the production make it better worth by far than the fable.

PLYMOUTH. "NIGHT LODGING." Play in four acts by Maxim Gorki. Produced on December 22, with this cast:

Michael Ivanov Kostiliov	William E. Hallman
Vassilisa Karpovna	Gilda Varesi
Natasha	Eva MacDonald
Medviadev	Charles Kennedy
Vaska Pepel	Alan Dinehart
Klestch Andray Nitrich	Hans Robert
Anna	Rosalind Ivan
Bubnov	Cecil Yapp
Kvashnia	Lillian Kingsbury
Aloyshka	E. J. Ballantine
Krivoi Zob	Louis Alter
Tartar	Alexis M. Polianov

IF it was Maxim Gorki's intention to arouse sympathy and compassion for the sordid plight of the characters in his "Night Lodging," it was frustrated when his story was dramatized. Who can feel pity for maudlin sots, brazen women of easy virtue, sly criminals who prey upon one another, men whose excesses have softened their brains and made them little more than jibbering idiots?

Reading about Gorki's dregs of humanity one might be tempted to pity them a bit, but seeing them wrangling with one another, murdering, spitting in each other's faces, and hearing them reviling and cursing one another, fills one with nothing but loathing and disgust. If any of the charlatans who were congregated in the filthy, dimly lit cellar lodging place, which furnishes the setting for this brutally unpleasant play, exhibited one spark of human kindness, one fine strain of character, one inkling of the real meaning of the Brotherhood of Man idea, which they preach so glibly, it would be possible to forgive and forget the mean and vicious side of their personalities.

Gilda Varesi must have steeped herself in Gorki's writings before she attempted to interpret the rôle of the malevolent, sensual, tigerish wife of the keeper of the lodging, or she never could have given the fine delineation to it which she did.

The other leading feminine rôle was well carried by Pauline Lord, who if memory serves us well, is a Milwaukee stock company product. Her delightful voice, with its languid, tired drawl, was especially well suited to speak the lines of the jaded Nastia, world-weary and disillusioned.

The outstanding men's rôles are carried by Edwin Nicander, who as the old actor, gives excellent humorous shading to his lines, a frequent one having to do with his "organism poisoned by alcohol," and Cecil Clovelly, the Baron, who, in a flaming crimson shirt, is made to mouth a generous supply of words which strangely resemble Bolshevik propaganda. Mr. Clovelly has a face of Slavish contour, and he played with a depth of understanding the part of the intellectual idealist, almost fanatical in his beliefs.

W. H. Thompson, as the aged wanderer, injected the only gentle note into the whole harsh play, with his kindly, cheerful philosophy, and his sane outlook on life. William E. Hallman, as the avaricious, penurious keeper of the lodging, did some realistic work, and others who gave real support to those playing the leads, were Alan Dinehart, as the roué, carrying on a clandestine sex affair with the wife of the lodging house keeper; Rosalind Ivan, who has little else to do but go into paroxysms of coughing, and bemoan her fate, but who does it so well that when her death occurs in the second act it was little regretted by an audience whose nerves were already pretty taut; Lillian Kingsbury as a market woman; and E. J. Ballantine, a shoemaker.

The mournful, dirge-like Russian music offered by the orchestra helped, in no small way, to promote realism. The play was staged and presented by Arthur Hopkins.

COHAN AND HARRIS. "THE ACQUITTAL." Play in three acts by Rita Weiman. Produced on January 5 with this cast:

Edith Craig	Ann Mason
Joe Conway	William Harrigan
Kenneth Winthrop	Edward H. Robins
Robert Armstrong	Morgan Wallace
Claflin	Arthur V. Gibson
McCarthy	Willard F. Barger
Barton	Franklin Hall
Nellie	Barbara Milton
Madaleine Winthrop	Chrystal Herne
Dr. Hammond	Edward Geer
Ainsley	Edward Geer
Wilson	John Rowan
Hedges	Harold Gwynn
Burke	Norman Lane

THEATRICAL experts have assured us that it was the slow *tempo* of the direction which made "Three Faces East" a success. At all events, this same *andante* movement has more recently been hopefully and carefully imparted to Rita Weiman's melodrama, "The Acquittal." But the result is not necessarily the same. "Three Faces East," a play of many mysteries and surprises, was given a telling touch of novelty and reality by means of its deliberate presentation. "The Acquittal," however, played with measured pauses after every speech and gesture, for the most part merely drags.

The first act seems interminably long and full of repetition. The same things are said and done again and again and each time more deliberately than before. Act II has a real situation and a "twist" to it, and therefore, grips the attention. But the last act is only a tedious gathering up of loose ends.

The story is that of a determined newspaper reporter who, aided by his sister who takes service as a maid, ferrets out the guilt of a murderer whom the law has acquitted. Her highly exaggerated sense of loyalty has made the slayer's wife stand by him for more than a year when she knows he is guilty and even when she realizes that he has forced her to receive his mistress under their roof.

After the acquittal, however, she unburdens her mind on the subject of her husband's past, and the amateur detective is listening behind a door. He emerges and offers to sell his silence for a million dollars—money destined for the long-suffering wife. Trapped, the murderer begs for and receives some of the same poison which he himself has formerly administered to another man.

Edward Harrigan makes much of the resolute newspaper man—that is, within the limitations imposed by the irritating deliberateness of the direction. He even succeeds at times in giving the impression of being brisk. Chrystal Herne, as the heart-wrung wife, rises capably to her few opportunities for emotional intensity.

But Edward H. Robins, for all his deadly seriousness and taciturnity cannot make the acquitted murderer anything more than a ridiculous melodramatic figure.

The remainder of the cast is adequate if undistinguished and includes an amazing galaxy of gentlemen of the press.

REPUBLIC. "THE SIGN ON THE DOOR." Play in three acts by Channing Pollock. Produced on December 19 with this cast:

Hugh	Elwood Bostwick
Frank Devereaux	Lowell Sherman
Ann Hunniwell	Mary Ryan
Captain Burke	Jules Farrar
A Photographer	Bert Dunlop
Mrs. "Lafe" Regan	Mary Ryan
Alan Churchill	Neil Martin
Helen Regan	Beatrice Allen
Marjorie Blake	Mildred MacLeod
"Lafe" Regan	Lee Baker
Bates, a butler	Kenneth Miner
Ferguson	Robert Vivian
"Kick" Callahan	Herbert Broderick
Inspector Treffy	Paul Everton
Officer McLoughlin	Spencer Evans

THE present season began with a perfect flood of murder mystery dramas. Then the rage abated. Now it has revived again. Three new ones are inviting the public attention. I'll not compare any one with the other; but I'll go so far as to warmly recommend to the person who wants a good sustained thrill to take in "The Sign on the Door" at the Republic.

The hypercritical might argue that there is not quite motive enough to make Channing Pollock's play entirely convincing; but if one will carefully study the mixed motives that induce the heroine's silence he will see that underlying there is real logic in her action. Be that as it may, the attention is held well nigh riveted from start to finish. The prologue and second act are an almost faultless expression in this particular form of drama.

A bad man, one of those super-subtle seducers, gets his just due, while a wife and husband ingeniously labor each to relieve the suspicion directed against the other. Who did it is found out, but the unwritten law brings about the proper adjustment.

Mary Ryan as the wife with a past "wished on her" bears the brunt of the emotional burden. Hers is a thoroughly finished and effective piece of work.

The devilish philanderer is depicted with suave insouciance and polish by Lowell Sherman, while the husband, reserved but resolved, is played with distinction and sympathetic skill by Lee Baker.

Elwood Bostwick as a District Attorney with a positive capacity for disguise, does a capital surprise trick with ease and grace, while the usual assortment of police inspectors, captains and detectives all bear in addition to badges, the hall-mark of verisimiiitude.

KNICKERBOCKER. "ANGEL FACE." Musical play in three acts. Music by Victor Herbert. Book by Harry B. Smith, lyrics by Robert B. Smith. Produced on December 29 with this cast:

Tom Larkins	John E. Young
Arthur Griffin	Tyler Brooke
Sandy Sharp	Richard Pyle
Hugh Fairchild	John Reinhard
Rockwell Gibbs	Howard Johnson
Professor Barlow	George Schiller
Ira Mapes	Bernard Thornton
Slooch	Jack Donahue
Irving	Wm. Cameron
Mrs. Zenobia Wise	Eda Von Buelow
Betty	Margaret Zender
Vera	Minerva Grey
Paula	Mary Milburn
Lily	Marguerite St. Clair
Pearl	Gertrude Waxelle
Mrs. Larkins	Sarah McVicker
Tessie Blythe	Emilie Lea
Moya	May Thompson

ANGEL Face" is Victor Herbert music with comedy obligato by the Brothers Smith. Not exceptional Victor Herbert music, either, as is emphasized by a *pot-pourri* number of his old-time melodies, which provides the most tuneful moment of an otherwise uneventful score.

(*Continued on page* 142)

NEW YORK'S MUSICAL MENU

Notable events in the operatic and concert world that have marked the past month

By CHARLES D. ISAACSON

THERE was once a famous advertiser of foodstuffs, who carried the statement in his announcements: "Tell me what you eat, and I will tell you what you are." We might now paraphrase the gentleman and remark, "Tell us what music you hear, and we will tell you what kind of nation you are becoming."

With our musical diet, we can scarcely be said to be trying to reduce. If melodies were fattening, we might expect to see the country developing a paunch, for the musical feast which is laid before the connoisseur is one to make gourmands of us all.

First we will say Grace. Jacques Thibaud, with his noble, sexless purity of music, is playing his violin. In Bach's suite and Schumann's Fantasie, his message is a rarified spirit which lifts his hearers far and beyond ordinary thoughts.

Tidbits on the table: A gypsy lady in the typical attire of the nomadic race, singing the wild, rare melodies in frantic realism and sympathetic grace, stamping her feet in the impatient gesture of the rhythm—that was Ruano Bogislav, the wife of Riccardo Martin. Place beside her Sonya Medvedieff, a Russian girl, who has a soprano voice, pleasing in all languages. Add the color of Eva Gauthier, singing the purple and gray music she likes so well to interpret. Offer a taste of Vera Janacopulos, the Greek soprano, with her music of Stravinsky, Rimsky-Korsakoff and Moussorgsky.

ALICE MONCRIEFF, the American girl, the contralto, is singing the things she loves of all nations. A little French actress, Mona Gondre, sings her Breton airs in the style of the diseuse. A loud, decorative sound issues from the throat of the tall young giant, Charles Carver, who has the bass range and the baritone softness, a rare combination.

We pass out of the tidbits to the fuller fare of the stuff you can set your teeth into. Harriet McConnell, looming large on the horizon of artists, a contralto who will not long be permitted to evade the calls of an operatic career. In a different category, with a greater soul, there is Mary Jordan.

Now comes a dish fit for the King. Tetrazzini has returned. The magical voice of the coloratura has begun to warble and wind and trill for the Americans. Tetrazzini came to this country in the years gone by, and the country went mad over her. Today she appears with a greater voice than ever. She has lost no whit of the fresh June air in the brilliant emission. It has lost none of those qualities which aroused the critics to the lyrical outbursts of a previous day. Tetrazzini has advanced. Her interpretive powers have been enriched. Her dramatic faculties have sharpened and matured. She is a more sage Tetrazzini.

And here is proof of how one must be a gourmand. Right beside the dish of Tetrazzini we set Emmy Destinn. Peculiarly, both the coloratura and the dramatic soprano appeared in America on the same day in the same auditorium. Both faced nearly eight thousand enthusiasts. Emmy Destinn endured hardships during the war, which have told, not by lessening her skill or her command of her luscious, prodigal voice, but by the manner in which her temperament has been changed. She has peculiarities of style and manner; she is never the stiff, dignified concert performer of academic posture. She seems to build about herself an atmosphere of the opera house. All the time you are living the action of the arias or songs. After the performance, you begin to realize how great an artist she really is. If that is not art, I should like to ask for a definition of it.

BUT now to meatier things. There are the Paulist Choristers, with Father Finn at their head. They intone the church music in the old church style and carry us back to Palestrina and Monteverde. In the same mood, but in deeper sanctity, the Vatican Choristers under the lead of Casimiri. These inspired male singers, coming from Rome, have now bidden farewell to America and are gone back to sing for the Pope. The great antiphonals majestically sing back to life the gray dusk of the early ages. It is a joy to linger in the surroundings of the shadowy days. All in the spirit of the church-like atmosphere, the Muscial Art Society, with Dr. Frank Damrosch, interpreted the old ecclesiastic motets, with their thrills and sexless ecstasy.

Philadelphia came to New York and the Apollo-like Leopold Stokowski led his resuscitated orchestra with the joy of renewed life. In Philadelphia, they would not let the orchestra perish, and raised many thousands of dollars among the people, so that it would go on, unworried by finance and such-like material thoughts.

Boston's men, under the batôn of Pierre Monteux, made its regular visit. Boston's orchestra is not dead, either, although many of the pessimistic gentlemen of the press pointed out in dolorous accents that it would surely perish. When Pierre Monteux was selected, mon Dieu, it was pff—finale!

HOWEVER, Boston's Symphony Orchestra, under Pierre Monteux, seems not very much disturbed. Being the greatest organization, it cannot disintegrate after its years of life and close companionship. These men play like the parts of a single instrument; the orchestra does not consist of eighty souls, but one.

Cincinnati also came to New York, and Eugene Ysaye was exhibited as conductor. The French spirit of the great virtuoso of yesterday has taken hold of the conductor of today, and has been transplanted into the men of Cincinnati. Ysaye does well with an aggregation of men, not up to the standards. Ysaye suffers with his men. I do not mean to suggest that the Cincinnati performance wasn't interesting and valuable. It was, and we want again to hear in New York the men of Cincinnati.

Stransky led his men in the regular performances at Carnegie Hall. Walter Damrosch has done great musical work. At the orchestral concerts we have side dishes of Heifetz, Braslau, Elman, Rachmaninoff, Edwin Hughes, Matzenauer, and others; and with the Metropolitan Orchestra on Sunday nights, when Richard Hageman conducts, Kreisler, again the master; Moissiewitch, about whom a little bit later; Sundelius, Amato, Zanelli, Besanzoni.

A new trio and an old though changed trio, have played their offerings. The New York Trio is the new organization. It includes Scipione Guidi, violin; Cornelius Van Vliet, the 'cellist, and Clarence Adler, the pianist. Their first evening was a joy; they appeared to have known each other for years. The Elshuco Trio, which was born the year before, was completely made over, except for the master 'cellist, Willem Willeke, who remains. Richard Epstein, a pianist of pianists, is dead. In his place is the young virtuoso, Aurelio Giorni, and the violinist is Elias Breeskin. The Ensemble Symphonique, with Nat W. Finston at the head, is playing nine great concerts.

Now where in our menu can we put the operatic course? Carmen of Spain one night found the principals indisposed, but Miss Kellogg and Mr. Crimi saved the day. "La Juive" of Halévy, having broken all records for interest, is being sung by Caruso and Ponselle and Scotney to the satisfaction of everybody.

CLAUDIA MUZIO, in the full powers of her glorious charm and art and dramatic fervor, is doing more than her bit this year. She is a dusky, sensuous Aida and an epical Fiora in "The Love of Three Kings." Her Giorgetta in Puccini's "Il Tabarro" was a masterly piece of work. Enter Evelyn Scotney, formerly of the Boston Opera Company, via the studio of Gennaro Mario Curci, and changed into a Galli-Curci-like coloratura. Her "Lucia" was splendid except for two nervous high notes, but what are two bad notes in a whole opera like "Lucia," and with a débutante—with a débutante as admirable in voice as Scotney? Great things are expected of her. Besanzoni makes a better impression with the advance of the season. She is a unique artist, with a voice that is as big as the Yosemite Valley.

Destinn in "Aida" triumphs! Oberon of von Weber Anglicized by Bodanzky! Sung by Rosa Ponselle, the exquisite Rafaelo Diaz and the cultured Jeanne Gordon. Mabel Garrison, at last given her real chance, sings Rosina in "The Barber of Seville," with the finest coloratura we have heard in that opera house for five years. Daddy Caruso, with his new little daughter Gloria to make life a bit happier, stands, as usual, far and above any other artist. Amato is doing better; his trip down South did him much good. Farrar is singing with a freshness which would indicate that her movie work has been a holiday for her. Special honors to Rothier, and to Malatesta, and to De Luca. Again praise for Hackett and Chalmers, and always again for Antonio Scotti. I should like to take the extraor-

Winifred Lennihan and Richard Bennett in Elmer L. Rice's stirring new play "For the Defense"

Photos White

Ann Mason, Barbara Milton, Chrystal Herne, Franklin Hall and William Walcott in Rita Weiman's drama, "The Acquittal"

STRONG MEAT FOR BROADWAY

dinary step of praising in hearty measure, the following in the Metropolitan cast: Cecil Arden and Marie Tiffany, Mario Laurenti and Bada, and even those newer folks like Mary Mellish. For Orville Harrold much thanks to Mr. Gatti. Young Bamboschek, he who acts as buffer to Mr. Gatti, had his long-waited opportunity to conduct an opera.

Over in the home of light opera, we heard "The Pirates of Penzance," "The Gondoliers" and "Robin Hood," and were happy to find that débutante, Irene Williams. There wasn't a whole lot we can say here at this time about the excellent work of Mr. Hinshaw's Society of American Singers, except to remark as strongly as we know how, that you must go over there at least twice this season.

Where, too, in this lengthy menu, can we bring out the pianists and the violinists? Novaes, back from her home in Brazil, seems as potent as ever. Young Philip Gordon, playing with a clarity and tonal understanding, threatens to undermine the world of accompanists, by showing that once an accompanist does not mean always such. We have the Russian, Tamara Lubimova. Paolo Martucci, another accompanist; Olga Steeb, a young scholarly lady, and Edward Morris, justly entitled to be called one of the foremost of our younger virtuosi. Germaine Schnitzer is back; she opened the new Sixty-third Street Music Hall, which will become very popular. But of Mme. Schnitzer, as one might expect, there can be said volumes of praise for her musicianship and her romantic outlook on musical life. Among these giants, it is significant that we should mention how, in the feast, we have offered to us, the piano playing of eight-year-old Jerome Rappaport, and nine-year-old Maria Antonia. I heard Jerome and found him a brilliant lad, but I am hopeful that they won't spoil him by worrying him at this time. When Jerome wants to play some of the high notes, he gets off his stool to reach them, and then runs back to his seat. He is a modest little genius. In the medley of our musical discussion, after little Jerome, it should be noted that John Powell, the giant of Americans, has played again as soloist and also as co-artist with Eddy Brown, the violinist, in a sonata recital of the heaviest order.

Thus our menu of New York's musical diet of a month nears its end. Of course, there are the salads—the Beethoven Society with its noted members appearing in the delectable bits of the master; Gretchen Dick's series of concerts at the Manhattan Opera House, which continues to draw large crowds; the other concerts at De Witt Clinton Auditorium, where, as an instance, Marguerite D'Alvarez sang to 2,500 eager newcomers to the concert world, and held them enthralled.

In the dessert—Lada the dancer, trails off the huge board, and Roshanara, most gifted of East Indian interpreters, offers a symphony and opera in every line of her interpretations. We see her "In the King's Garden," coquetting and making love with magic motion.

So the menu of the month's musical feast might be described! Are we grown into insatiable eaters? I laugh, for I am not the least bit bloated and dyspeptic after it all. But what of the millions who have yet to pay their visit to the opera and the concerts? What is to happen when the multitudes pour down upon the musical world as they do upon the stage and the film? How are we going to satisfy the craving and the new appetites?

A sad duty befalls the musical commentator this month. The genius of the Chicago Opera Association, Maestro Cleofonte Campanini, has passed on, at the very moment he was needed most. His name will forever be written large in the history of America's music. He made Chicago's opera worthy of any city in the world. He assembled the foremost singers, conductors, musicians. He called upon the new voices of Italy, France, Belgium and America. He gave the new composers more of an opportunity than they found elsewhere. He brought to life many gems hitherto denied a revival. He injected into New York that spirit of gentle rivalry which is so revitalizing to any work.

He was Hammerstein's right hand man in the old days of the Manhattan Opera House, and it is almost uncanny that he should have passed out in the same year as the indomitable Oscar.

Cleofonte Campanini so organized his work, that the Chicago Opera Association will live on with his impress always present. He so organized his activities, that the season now under way will suffer no interruptions. His conductors and his business associates have had the way clearly pointed out to them by Campanini, and if they follow his instructions, they cannot go wrong.

DO YOU KNOW THAT—

FRANCES Starr's mother was a cousin of General Ulysses S. Grant?

The first song by George M. Cohan, written when he was twelve years old, was entitled "Why did Nellie Leave Her Home"?

Joseph Jefferson was an enthusiastic fisherman, and insisted when fishing of putting on, not only the sinkers and hooks, but the bait as well?

Edna Goodrich was born in Logansport, Ind., and after some experience as an amateur came to New York, making her appearance as a member of the famous Floradora Sextette?

When "Salome" was first produced at the Metropolitan Opera House, it was recorded in some of the daily papers that hundreds of spectators fled from the theatre?

Geraldine Farrar when a child never liked school, nor wanted to play with children of her own age, but only cared to sing?

Nellie Melba was born in Melbourne, Australia, her family name being Mitchell? She adopted "Melba" from her native city.

Rachel Crothers, author of such successful plays as "39 East," "A Little Journey," etc., is a native of Bloomington, Ill., and first came to New York to become instructor in Mrs. Wheatcroft's School of Acting?

Alexander Carr, the Perlmutter of "Potash and Perlmutter" fame, is the son of a rabbi? At the age of twelve he ran away from home and secured work sweeping floors and answering the bell in an artist's studio. Later he appeared at a St. Paul music hall as the hind legs of a baby elephant.

Marie Doro and Trixie Friganza were both chorus girls?

During the recent actors' strike, William A. Brady, the well-known producer, acted a rôle in his production "At 9:45"?

Mary Shaw was once a public school teacher?

Fannie Ward first attracted attention as Cupid in Henry Dixey's production of "Adonis"? In 1897 she married Joe Lewis whose fortune was estimated between forty and fifty millions.

In "The Silver Box," Ethel Barrymore played the rôle of an ill-treated charwoman who had three starving children and a drunk and brutal husband?

George Bernard Shaw once said of Ellen Terry: "She is the most modern of modern women"?

George Broadhurst, the playwright-manager, ran away from home when sixteen, crossing to this country in the steerage? When he returned abroad, it was in the first cabin following his play, "What Happened to Jones?" to London?

Joseph Jefferson once gave William Collier the following rule for success on the stage: "Go on well, go off well, and the middle will take care of itself"?

When a child, Anna Held worked to help support her poor parents, cleaning and curling plumes at first, and later making buttonholes and fur caps?

During the London engagement of Sothern and Marlowe in 1907, the management engaged an army of sandwich men to march up and down the principal thoroughfares announcing the production, until traffic was interfered with and the police prohibited further marching on the part of the men?

David Belasco's mother was the first woman to cross the Isthmus of Panama?

Grace George was bred in a convent?

When Olga Nethersole and Hamilton Revelle appeared in "Sapho" the police of New Haven strenuously objected to the staircase scene, saying that Sapho should be taken to the attic in "a moral and chaste manner"?

Yvette Guilbert, the popular French diseuse, was once a cloak model in a dry goods store?

For four years David Warfield was usher at the Bush Street Theatre, San Francisco, earning the princely salary of four dollars per week?

Henry Irving loved to collect art treasures, and on his death many of his curios fetched high prices?

Ruth St. Denis, although born and brought up on a farm, showed marked talent for dancing at a very early age, and was sent to New York to study Delsarte?

It was through the management of an amateur entertainment for the Princess Mary of Teck that Ernest Lawford first realized his talent for the stage? The Princess, to show her appreciation sent him a ring. Mr. Lawford's first London appearance was with Mrs. Langtry in "As You Like It."

Charlotte Walker was born in Galveston, Texas, and made her theatrical début in the chorus of a musical piece?

Ada Lewis, lately seen on Broadway, in "Listen Lester," was first engaged as "extra girl" at five dollars a week, making her début as one of the chained prisoners in "Siberia"?

When Nazimova appeared in "The Master Builder" at the Bijou Theatre in 1907, Walter Hampden played the leading male rôle?

MOTION PICTURE SECTION

From a portrait, copyright, Alfred Cheney Johnston

GLORIA SWANSON

Who began her screen career as a Mack Sennett bathing girl and is now leading woman for Paramount Artcraft Pictures. In Cecil B. De Mille's productions, "For Better, for Worse," and "Male and Female," she proved that she is an actress as well as a beauty. Her next appearance will be in "Why Change Your Wife?" another De Mille feature

WORTH WHILE PICTURES OF THE MONTH

THE moving-picture output has been rushing the season this month. It is still too early for the bravest crocus, and many New Year's resolutions are still unbroken; yet each week brought forth its crop of Maytime films with the plots that bloom in the Spring. They come before the swallow dares. This may mean that the good old public is feeling the wartime reaction, or that the world is really growing brighter. Whatever the cause, the fact remains that last month's films were models of optimism and uplift in varying degrees of sweetness and light.

Their very titles scan like a Spring sonnet. Take "When the Clouds Roll By," from United Artists; "Anne of Green Gables," from Realart; "Dawn," from Pathé; "Wings of the Morning," from Fox; "Sealed Hearts," from Selznick, and "Jubilo," from Goldwyn. There are the words and all they need is the proper Mendelssohn music.

THE only minor note in this concord of sweet sounds is the sinister title of "Behind the Door," that savage and powerful production made for Paramount by Ralph Ince, which is in many ways one of the most violent and at the same time the most convincing tale ever told on the screen.

It is a story of revenge—an ingenious and exquisite revenge, worked up so cunningly that you feel no pity for the victim or condemnation for the executioner. It is told against a background of tossing waves and submarine strategy with all the intensity and isolation of those who go down to the sea in ships.

The characters are a Captain in the American Navy, his young bride and a German submarine commander, half-bully, half-degenerate. Husband and wife are cut adrift in a row-boat from the torpedoed ship, but when the submarine appears to pick them up, the commander pulls the young bride aboard and hurls the husband back into the lifeboat, adrift again at sea. From this act develops the action, tense, rapid and inevitable, which culminates in a crescendo of horror, and the Captain's laconic command, "Look behind the door."

The direction has its flaws, which were not apparent in the story by Gouverneur Morris. But a few faulty details cannot break the force of this most powerful and haunting photo-play.

BY way of violent contrast, "When the Clouds Roll By" suggests itself as the least intense and most deliciously foolish of the month's comedies. It is Douglas Fairbanks in a Pollyanna mood. He wrote the thing himself, and managed to conceal a real uplift message under the whirl and dash of its nonsense. As usual, he plays an energetic young business man who is bound mentally by the throngs of superstitions and who naturally incurs all the ill-luck he has invited by his fear of signs and omens.

All this sounds far more logical than the picture seems. Its plot is developed in a whirlwind rush of typically Fairbanks action, which ends in the most thorough and convincing flood ever shown on the screen.

Incidentally, its best laugh comes with this last flood scene. "Let's get married right away," gasps the hero, as he rescues the heroine on the top of a house floating down the flooded stream. "But we can't," falters the fair one. "Sure, we can," says "Doug"; "here comes a church with a preacher clinging to the steeple!" And so they are married and live happily ever after in a slapstick Paradise.

A COMEDY with fewer absurdities but just as much humor is Will Rogers' version of the character of "Jubilo." "Jubilo" was a rangey, ne'er-do-well tramp who earned his name through his constant crooning of the old negro melody, *"We'll be happy when that great day comes."* He "hires out" (much against his will) as hired man on a farm, where the enforced work and regular living awakens a latent desire to make his life worth while. The appearance of the pretty farmer's daughter (charmingly played by Peggy Wood) may also have had something to do with this. At any rate, he struggles through the chores and fights the farmer's battle until his triumph comes in a pretty, romantic brook scene, while he is still whistling the strains of "Jubilo."

It is a typical American *genre* study, tender, humorous and sincere, with the sub-titles illuminated by the whimsical philosophy that could come from none other than Will Rogers.

"ANNE OF GREEN GABLES" is another play of American farm life, staged in the most picturesque and at the same time the most narrow section of New England. The film serves to introduce Mary Miles Minter as a Realart star, and it could not have been better designed to appeal to the sort of audiences who like curls, giggles, daisy fields, schoolhouse comedy and love's young dream.

"Anne" is a little orphan Annie who enters the New England home under a cloud, but soon endears herself to the entire family, including the livestock. Miss Minter plays her with just the right mixture of tomboy liveliness and coy sweetness that appeal to audiences who applauded the aforesaid "Pollyana." In fact, she has all the ingenue tricks of her trade, and if she continues as she has begun, her pictures may gain most of the popularity of Mary Pickford—and for much the same reason.

"DAWN," which was produced for Pathé by J. Stuart Blackton and which features Sylvia Breamer and Robert Gordon, also has the first young dream of love as its basic motif. In this tale, however, the theme is played without any suggestion of slapstick humor and with an earnestness and sincerity which transcends its minor flaws. The story, by Eleanor Porter, traces the life history of a young blind artist who casts his sweetheart from him, rather than have her share his life of darkness. She persists, however, in her determination to remain with him, even under an assumed name, and the sad little romance ends in the contentment brought by mutual sacrifice.

The most artistic stroke in the production is in the fact that it is a story of a blind hero who does not regain his sight in the last reel. The elimination of these "happy-ending" tricks in more and more of the current films, is one of the most encouraging signs of motion-picture progress. Sylvia Breamer and Robert Gordon are charming in their respective rôles, although perhaps a shade too sentimental in flashes. But that, we suppose, might be permitted to lovers, especially to those pathetic young ones whose only brightness lies in their love.

THE wild, adventurous tale of "Wings of the Morning," which ran as a successful serial when written by Louis Tracy, has been transposed by Fox into material for William Farnum. In it he is a cross between Robinson Crusoe and Romeo, for he spends part of his time improving his desert island and the other part making love to the pretty mermaid heroine tossed up by the waves.

The plot is not strikingly original; in fact, it has formed the basis of most magazine serial plots since the serial was first offered to an eager and voracious public. But the film has the advantage of excellent acting, beautiful tropical and marine scenery, and that most intriguing of all romantic situations—two lovers imprisoned on a desert island.

EUGENE O'BRIEN, who made his début as the much-involved young artist of "The Perfect Lover," appears as a sadder and wiser hero in "Sealed Hearts." He suffers just as much as the victim of an old-husband-young-wife situation, but he has learned to keep the situation well in hand and only a timely death saves the happiness of a pair of star-crossed lovers.

O'Brien is the only actor we know who can play this sort of thing without making a fool of himself. But somehow everything he does seems dignified and plausible, and he could make you sympathize with the most absurd hero ever created by Laura Jean Libby. This is undoubtedly due to the sense of humor that is always lurking under his most emotional scene. "And that," as Barrie says of the "Twelve-Pound Look," "that keeps him human."

This applies to the audiences as well as to individual screen stars. For one of the healthiest signs in the screen theatres today is that hte audiences have found their sense of humor and are rejecting plots which regard life with the pompous seriousness and mawkish sentimentality of the old "hearts-and-flowers" melodrama.

ALISON SMITH.

Mr. Hyde, the fiend and dual personality of Mr. Jekyl, carouses and associates with ruffians and reprobates. John Barrymore as Mr. Hyde at right

John Barrymore as Dr. Jekyl, the respected young physician in the picturisation of Robert Louis Stevenson's famous story, "Dr. Jekyl and Mr. Hyde." Martha Mansfield plays opposite him in this Paramount-Artcraft picture

Douglas Fairbanks and Kathleen Clifford ask the Ouija Board what the fates have in store for them—"When the Clouds Roll By," a United Artists' picture

(Inset) *Doug in a characteristic jump*

WITH JOHN BARRYMORE AND DOUG FAIRBANKS ON THE SCREEN

Abbe

OWEN MOORE

The popular Selznick star enjoying all the comforts of home in his latest picture, "Picadilly Jim." "Sooner or Later" is his next screen feature

(Left)

Myrtle Stedman, who plays the part of Cherry Malotte in the Goldwyn picture, "The Silver Horde," from the story of Rex Beach

Jean Calhoun, a Southern beauty who appears with Monroe Salisbury in the Universal picture, "The Phantom Melody"

NAZIMOVA

An interesting photograph of the brilliant Russian star in a moment of diversion between scenes for her new picture, "Stronger Than Death." In this production, Nazimova has the rôle of an English dancer

SCREEN FAVORITES IN NEW PHOTOPLAYS

From a portrait by Edward Thayer Monroe

CONSTANCE BINNEY

A stage and screen artiste, who has come rapidly to the front. Theatre goers remember her delightful performance in "39 East," and her screen impersonation in "Erstwhile Susan" has earned her many admirers. Her next Realart picture will be based on the novel "A Little Miss of the Day"

AMATEUR THEATRICALS

It has been suggested to us that this Department was not altogether happily named. The objection was based on the fact that the work of the non-professional dramatic organizations has become of such a high quality as to take it out of the so-called amateur class, and that to speak of "amateurs" and "amateur theatricals" in that connection is to give a misleading impression. After all, these organizations are *not* professional. What then? According to the dictionary an amateur means 'one who has a taste for the arts. . . . One who cultivates any study or art, from taste or attachment without pursuing it professionally . . . or as a livelihood." Doesn't the prejudice really lie with the past associations with the word? And shouldn't we feel that the splendid work of the modern dramatic amateur is rapidly breaking that down, and taking the former sting out of the word? We should be very glad indeed to hear from the readers of the Department as to their opinion in the matter. Shall we let the word "amateur" stand, give it a new dignity and value, or shall we try for another title? Write the Amateur Editor, if you have any suggestions to offer.

A COMMUNITY SERVICE PAGEANT BY THE TOWNS-PEOPLE OF WEST NEWBURY, MASS.

By ETHEL ARMES

OF all the pageants given throughout New England during the past summer the West Newbury Pageant was in its spirit and form one of the most significant from the community service standpoint.

For here was a blending of genuine legend and folklore, historical and scientific fact and sociological truth, as well as poetic and artistic grace and an accompaniment of music, dance and song of exceeding beauty. And it was wholly and completely an expression of the people of West Newbury.

The townspeople of West Newbury, Mass., staged their historical pageant on the banks of the Merrimack, in the pasture of the old Greenleaf-Dole farm, which over a century ago, was the home of Sarah Greenleaf, grandmother of John Greenleaf Whittier

THE pageant was written by Hazel Hammond Albertson and produced under the direction of Helen L. Kloeber. While it was distinctly local in its general character, representing certain outstanding features of the settlement and growth of the quaint little Massachusetts township located on the Merrimack River shores as far back as the early 17th century, yet it emphasized in symbolic manner, the larger philosophical aspects, the poet's dream of a mighty river's influence over a community planted upon its banks, the joy, laughter, and song, then the incoming shadows of "Industrial Greed" and the "Giant Industrialism" who lash to death the Singing Man and capture and confine all the bright river spirits, the arts, the joys, the play, the dreams of the community. Thus, there is bitterness and anguish in the land until the figure of Patience, striving to comfort the weeping children and the savage fighting clans calls to her aid Civic Spirit—whose other name is Community Service—and the two together bring back the spirit of the river, bring back to man joy, song and laughter and open the way to the vision of the ideal.

SO much for the fancy. Truth in the fabric there. A pageant worth the making. And certainly the people of West Newbury made it with skill and charm. Named, "The Spirit of the Merrimack," the pageant commemorated not only the centennial celebration of the incorporation of West Newbury as a separate town, but was also a feature of the welcome home reception, August 23, 1919, to the sons of West Newbury who served in the World War.

Old Newbury was settled in 1635. The Second Religious Society of Newbury, now the First Congregational Church of West Newbury was organized in 1698, and the Western Precinct of Newbury incorporated as the town of Parsons in 1819, but changed to West Newbury in 1820.

The Tea Party Episode, with prominent West Newbury folk as tea drinkers. Many of the costumes of olden time come from the attics of West Newbury. The tea drinkers, left to right are: Russell Moulton Pierce, Miss Jane E. Everett, Mrs. Ernest Everett, Miss Hester Wallace, Miss Catherine Everett, The Misses Rogers, Miss Greta S. Poore, Miss Miriam Kenneth, Miss Moses and the Rev. Glenn Tilley Morse.

The Reverend Glenn Tilley Morse, beloved pastor of the West Newbury Church, a scholar, a student and enthusiast of local history, served as chairman of the executive committee of the pageant, which was presented by the people of West Newbury on the river bank, in the pasture of the Greenleaf-Dole farm at the foot of Pleasant street. And given on a day of such blue sky and clear, sweet air and sunlight, it will be long remembered.

This old farm was, by the way, over a century ago the home of Sarah Greenleaf, grandmother of the poet, John Greenleaf Whittier. Her romantic marriage to the tall young pioneer settler, Joseph Whittier, was acted out in one of the episodes of this August Pageant.

THE entire story of the Pageant, including the Foreword and the Synopsis, as given in the program is as follows:

"People are influenced by their environment, consciously or not. One of the great Russian novelists has said that no people can live beside a great flowing stream of water for generations without partaking of and assuming something of its spirit and characteristics, and since the river must necessarily have meant something to the dwellers along its banks, it should be given an important part in any Pageant that the town of West Newbury should give. When the Merrimack reaches our shores it has passed through its turbulent periods, it has turned more spindles, done more actual work than any other river in the world, and is flowing patiently, grandly, eternally down to the Sea. It seems to symbolize the patience and beauty of a life well and worthily lived."

Many of the costumes of olden times used in the Pageant have come from the attics of West Newbury, which are rich in such material. All the other costumes have been devised and created by the townfolks themselves. The implements that are used are from the barns and storehouses of the town and could tell many a tale of life in West Newbury when the village was young.

REHEARSING THE AMATEUR PLAY

By CLARENCE STRATTON

THE THIRD OF A SERIES OF FIVE INFORMATIVE ARTICLES FOR AMATEUR PRODUCERS

Scene from "Tchekoff—"A Marriage Proposal" by the Stuyvesant Players, of New York. A dress rehearsal should be exactly like a performance.

AFTER a play has been chosen for presentation, the next two important steps are to appoint a director or producer, and to select the cast. There are some attempts in certain amateur groups to try to dispose of a director. They pretend to believe that a play should be the result of a voluntary co-operative association democratically working out its own destiny. There are reports of one which actually tries to put such ideas into practice. They declare that the performances of that group are the strangest and the funniest one can imagine, while the rehearsals are chaos. Good productions are the result of good directing. Efficient directing can make a success of probable failure. Misguided directing can spoil an anticipated success.

The producer's work begins when the copy of the play is put into his hands. It should end when the curtain rises upon the first performance. This is the ideal term, though in runs he may have to revise for weeks until the play is in perfect working order.

A director may be subject to the control of a committee in certain things, but in the actual development of the play from planning to performance, he should be in absolute control. His word should be law. This does not mean that he will not be open to suggestion, that he will not listen to reason, that he may not be consulted but it does mean that if the play is intrusted to him, the responsibility for its conduct must be his. It is merely fair, therefore, that all the opportunity must be his. Executive boards of acting societies, once they have appointed a director, should insist upon compliance with all his plans. Amateurs grow restive under supervision from one of their own members; so do professionals. As I write this, the call-board of one New York theatre bears a notice to the company that all directions issued by the stage manager are to be obeyed as coming from the office. They are to be carried out, though complaints will be heard by the officials of the producing company. If persons whose profession is acting have to be reminded of such a matter, is it any wonder that an amateur producer is the marked victim of intended murder by nearly every cast he directs?

EQUIPPED with an intimate knowledge of how effects are secured upon the stage, the producer studies the play to determine what effects it demands, and what are the best methods of securing them. In addition to his knowledge of sound and legitimate methods of theatrical skill, he should have a freshness of attack and a novelty of treatment to infuse animation and enthusiasm into amateurs dealing with plays frequently novel and often even bizarre. The producer must serve as active interpreter between the page and the actors, and then between the actors and the audience. He must know the play better than any single performer. He must feel the play as any spectator may. He must bring the play from the dramatist to the audience by means of the cast upon the stage.

In rehearsal it is important to emphasize a point by concentrating the attention of every person upon a single character, as shown in this scene from "The Neighbors" as presented at the Little Country Theatre.

The cast, then, is next to be determined. There are many methods of securing good casts. One of the quickest and most simple is to appoint the members. A committee may do this, and hand the list to the director. The director himself may choose the actors. Such a scheme saves an incalculable amount of time. Another advantage is that it places the responsibility upon certain definite individuals. This will make them careful of their selections, in order to assure a good production. When a committee makes the selections the personal judgment of one person is modified by comment from others. It also results in dividing the responsibility. Undoubtedly the best method of selecting casts is by "try-outs."

In trying out candidates a producer or a committee passes upon the fitness of each one by seeing him act. He may offer a portion of the play to be cast, or something else acceptable. In judging such an exhibition less attention should be paid to what he *does* than what he indicates he *can do*. Mr. Iden Payne chose a cast of twenty men and women from hearing a large number read the prologue to "The Drawing of the Sword," by Thomas W. Stevens. Some were selected because of their bearing, looks, manner, voice, size, agility, to fill various rôles. What they demonstrated they *could do* was more significant than what they *did*. Every professional is being tried out every time he appears upon the stage.

(*Continued on page* 132)

THE CORNELL DRAMATIC CLUB AND A VENTURE TOWARD THE COUNTRYSIDE THEATRE

PLAYING to 6,000 people in a week, and turning away that many more, and all in a house seating about 350, is an unusual experience for a College Dramatic Club. But that is what the Cornell Dramatic Club achieved in its "Little Country Theatre" demonstration at the New York State Fair in September. Professor George Pierce Baker of Harvard has characterized the venture as "the most unique experiment of all the experimental theatres."

The Theatre, intentionally rustic in character, in which the Cornell Dramatic Club [illegible] its "Little Country Theatre" demonstration at the New York State Fair, with remarkable success

The demonstration was planned to encourage the wider use of high-grade and worth-while plays among country communities and rural organizations. Sponsored by State Commissioner of Agriculture Charles S. Wilson, and backed by the Extension and Rural Sociology Departments of the State College of Agriculture at Ithaca, the planning, conduct and work of the "experiment" was turned over to Professor A. M. Drummond, for some eight years Faculty Director of the Cornell University Dramatic Club, and to the students trained under him.

The plan was not to encourage rural dramatics dealing with how to grow more corn or potatoes, or how to keep the boy on the farm, but to indicate with what simple resources and how cheaply, amateur players, adequately organized and directed, could bring many of the best plays of the theatre adequately and effectively to country communities, adding interest, entertainment and education to the life of the countryside. Perhaps to encourage some to write plays based on the human nature no less common to the "farm" than to the great city.

THE "demonstration" was planned to work within conditions apt to be found in most rural communities. A bare, whitewashed, barn-like structure was used; scenery was designed, built, painted by members of the Dramatic Club troupe: they were their own electricians, carpenters, "make-up artists," managers, "props," costumers, actors. The simple but carefully planned and colored stage decoration and scenery proved the most artistic bit on the Fair Grounds.

The plays used—many thought they would be too "high-brow" till the audiences took to them all enthusiastically—were Zona Gale's "The Neighbors," Lady Gregory's "The Workhouse Ward," W. B. Yeats' "The Pot o' Broth," and Sutro's "The Bracelet." Perhaps "The Neighbors" was naturally the favorite, but the folks liked them all and came again, and sent their friends. The Commissioner's publicity had been largely for Grangers, county agents, rural teachers, etc., and these came *en masse* apparently. But at that, the bulk of the audiences were "plain folk," who "got" the idea, and wanted to know how they could do something like it for themselves. Hundreds left their names for lists of plays or any "helps" that might be sent them. Beside country people, teachers and "little theatre" and Drama League folk came in great numbers. In general it was voted a complete success. Even the newspaper men called it the most interesting and attractive "exhibit" on the grounds. And this despite a poor location, no appeal to the pleasure-seekers of the midway, rather bad weather, hard benches, and the terribly disturbing roar and whistle of passing trains—oh, those trains that would ruin the subtle passages till we learned to "lean against them" when we heard them coming—and calculated our tempo somewhat to the actual timetable!

Scene from "The Pot o' Broth," one of the three plays given at the "Little Country Theatre," and enjoyed by eagerly interested audiences drawn from the countryside for miles around.

ALL in all, it was so successful that the Fair Commission voted an appropriation to repeat before the week was over.

For this work of the "Little Country Theatre" the Cornell Dramatic Club troupe were eminently fitted.

The Club is under the direction and supervision of Professor A. M. Drummond, under whose guidance the Club has risen from comparative insignificance to be one of the most extensive organizations in the University. The aim of the Club has been to present to University audiences plays of literary worth by contemporary European and American dramatists, especially such plays as could hardly hope for presentation on the commercial stage, and to provide for undergraduates interested in the direction, staging, acting, designing and writing of plays, some opportunity to develop their abilities. That it has in a large measure succeeded in the former is testified by the appreciative audiences which attended the performances. More than two hundred undergraduates have been engaged in the activities of the Club during a season, and the demand for opportunities to work is increasing.

In a modest way "The Cornell Dramatic Club has attempted to accomplish in Ithaca what other "Little Theatre" organizations are doing elsewhere. Sincere, intelligent interpretation and careful but not elaborate staging have been the ideals which the Club has set for its guidance. Palpably amateur deficiencies, such as inattention to details of staging, have been noticeable on occasion, but in the main there has been a degree of perfection quite equal to the best university dramatic

(Continued on page 129)

A LITTLE JOURNEY THROUGH THE AUTOMOBILE SHOW

By ANNE ARCHBALD

The new Willys-Knight coupé, possessing a rare quality and style and realizing a suitability for all purposes at all seasons. It seats three comfortably, with an extra folding seat for added comfort.

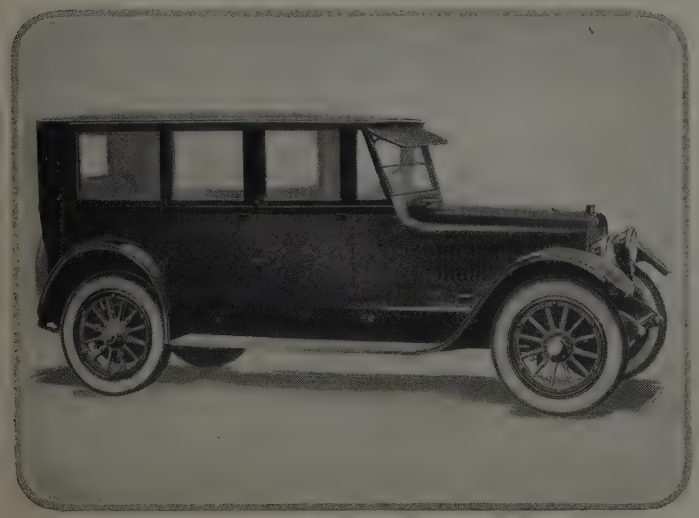
IF you had been at the Automobile Show on a certain morning during the week of its run you might have seen a Princess Incognita going the rounds, a beautiful Princess of the Blood Royal of the Stage. If she were "incognita," how would you have recognized her? Why, just as everybody else did, to be sure. The "incognita," like most others, only existed in her fond imagination. For as we followed in her wake we heard murmurs of admiration and exclamations of recognition, though in happy ostrich fashion the lady pursued her way all unconscious of the stir she was creating. However, we have promised that she shall remain truly "incognita" as far as this article is concerned, since thereby we gained permission to report her Little Journey.

Madame had been promised a new car for the new year by her husband. And being such a busy person that she must needs crowd seventy minutes worth into every hour, decided that the most expeditious way to decide on what she wanted was to go to the Automobile Show. We were invited to accompany her. And there you are! And there we were.

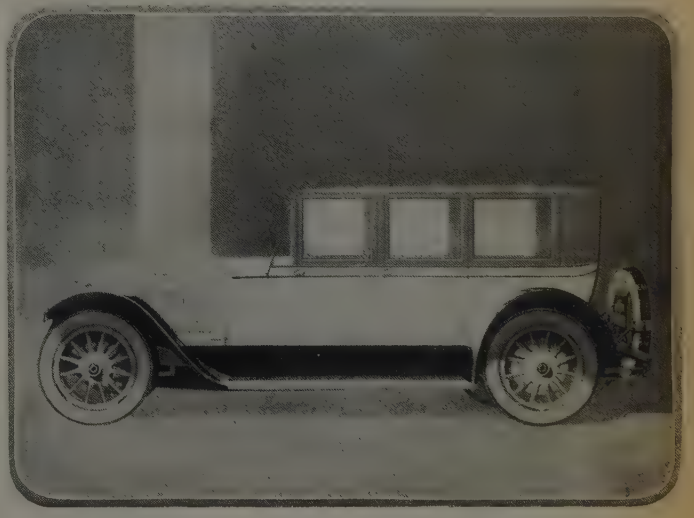
Madame informed us she had a system to play. And we started at the Overland booth.

"Tell me," said she earnestly, armed with a small pad and pencil, going up to one of the salesmen, "tell me some one thing that makes the Overland superior to other cars?" The salesman, enchanted with so much youth and beauty and sables

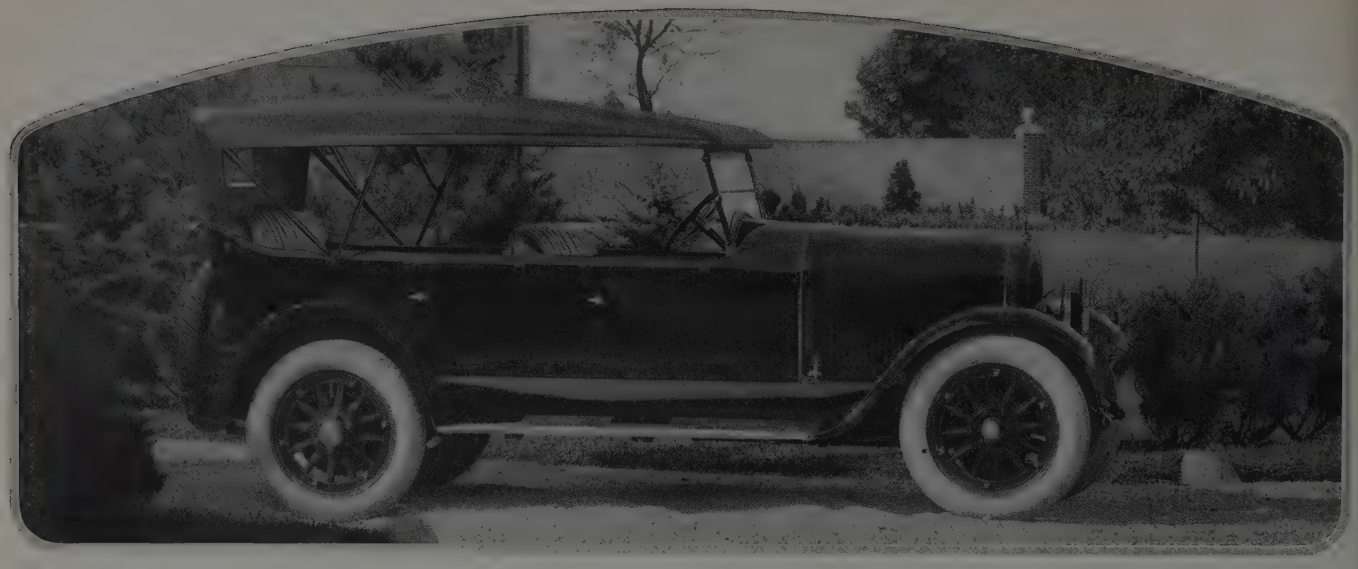
Captain Peter B. Kyne, of "Cappy Ricks" fame, at the wheel of his Nordyke-Marmon roadster, among whose many merits is the fact that all the driving gear is placed compact and close together under one round glass disc, easy to see and use.



A Winton-Six! The Winton claims for itself that it has no "special" cars. Or rather that every car in stock is a "special" car, with the utmost attention given to protect finish in detail



An extremely smart-looking car—a six-passenger Packard. It is called the "Marshall Foch field sedan," and the body was specially designed and built for Packard by the Rubay Company



The Cole Aero-Eight roadster, holding seven passengers. The Cole Aero-Eight is a new type of motor car, built from knowledge gained by aeroplane engineering. Its admirers say that it is constructed as invincibly "as a bridge."

The Kissel-Kar, a motor designed especially for the woman who drives herself, without a chauffeur. Just as one small and well-considered instance, the accelerator is flat, the length of the foot, to give a grip to a high-heeled shoe.

and gold pencil, cleared his throat, and began in his best manner. "In the first place," said he, "there is the three-point cantilever spring. This spring . . ." Madame stopped him graciously, but firmly.

"I'm sure you're quite right, but I didn't mean anything like that," she said. "I'm going to let my husband attend to the technical side. I want something easier, for a feminine intelligence to understand."

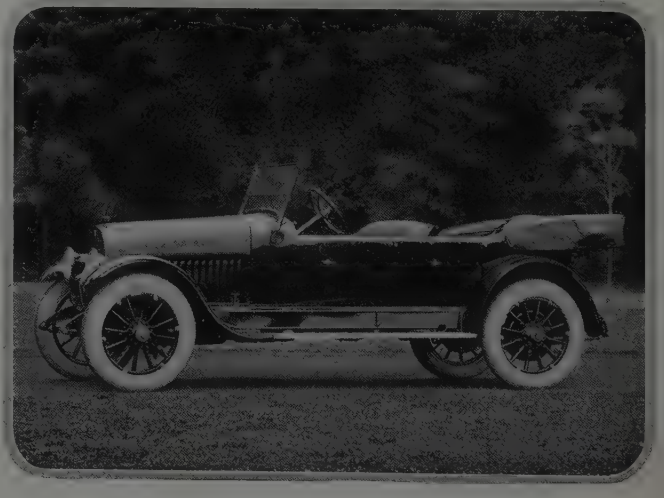
Ah! I see. There were many qualities for which the Overland was noted, but perhaps it might be summed up by saying that, "it was the easiest car for a woman to drive . . . least paraphanalia possible . . . everything taken away from car that could be and keep it together and running."

So Madame decided to buy a battleship-grey Overland—that is if her husband ratified—and we passed on.

To the Hudson. "What," began Madame again with her formula, "what distinguishes the Hudson, etc.?" And again an enchanted salesman cleared his throat and started to explain, "That the Super-Six Motor of the Hudson car was . . ." And again was halted. We learned presently that, with the Hudson there was great speed and power with immense saving of gas. Madame thereupon chose—subject always to marital approval—a limousine in rich blue with little ventilators on top, to carry off dust and smoke, since her husband *did* like his cigar while riding.

(*Concluded on page* 146)

A Premier six-passenger Sedan. Premier specialize in magnetic gear shifts. Note the economy touch of the little lamps on either side of the hood, that substitute for the large ones, when parking one's car.



A Hudson seven-passenger phaeton, with a deep, sturdy frame, enhancing riding comfort, and with the famous Super-Six motor that gives speed and power, with at the same time an immense saving of gas.

The Programme of Fashion

By PAULINE MORGAN

Carmel Meyers, the popular screen star, who has made her successful début on the speaking stage as the ingenue in "The Magic Melody," sponsors the renewal of a quaint style. The Milgrim frock is of apple green taffeta, with ruchings of same, and a wide panel front of cream lace

Hill's Studio

THE season's new frocks combine all the attributes that are essential to interest the feminine world, and incidentally the masculine eye lingers longer than usual on the present captivating styles that he is certain to call "womanly." If the basque is snug, and the skirt is full, or if the gown is in one piece with ruffles and frills, you may be sure to interest "The Man"; if it is true that a woman dresses to please "The Man." That is a much mooted question, however, but it is agreed that a woman is most effectively gowned when she dresses to please herself, so the matter becomes a question of personal opinion. In "The Magic Melody," Carmel Meyers wears a picturesque costume of our grandmothers' day—the crinoline, the bonnet, and silk mits!—which revive romantic stories and the gallant beaux of the long ago.

THE winsome figure of Lily Cahill in "The Purple Mask," also wearing silk mits with a short-sleeved, old-fashioned frock, has kindled the ever alert talent of the fashion maker, and silk mits promise to be the graceful and appropriate complement of the skimpy skirted, short-sleeved frock of the summer. The stage has ever been the source of fashion! The idea is one, however, that will be accepted as a piquant accessory, and is beautifully in tune with the vogue for wearing light hosiery and black sandals or pumps.

Pour la Promenade

Geisler & Andrews

When Namara wears an accordion-pleated skirt and a sports-coat of wool embroidered tricolette for early daytime hours, she displays her impeccable taste for what is "comme il faut" in attire. The skirt, plaided in gold and black, is quite properly ankle length

NAMARA, whose lovely voice was heard recently in the Chicago Opera Company, is now adding to her fame in concert work. She chooses charming costumes from the Fifth Avenue Shop for morning wear in Bermuda

Silk crepe in shades of coral and cream, fashion an ultra smart frock with wool embroidered tunic. Knitted wool also appears at the sides of the skirt, simulating a trouser effect, which is further emphasized by an elastic, that holds the skirt into proper silhouette

The very smart cape offers a happy solution to the wrap question. It is of soft knitted wool in French blue and white, and is a warm and light as a feather. The deep cape allows of various adjustments; it may be folded into a high Gainsborough collar, or may be bloused into a panel and fastened in front

un

le soir

DOLORES, always beautifully arrayed in the Ziegfeld Midnight Frolic, adds to her fame in private life by appearing in exquisite creations from Zahrah's

Geisler and Andrews

The hat is beautiful, of course, and ultra-smart as only an artist can make or wear it. Style is perfected in the adjustment of this Zahrah hat of black satin and maline, with graceful paradise fins placed at the most becoming angle.

Brown and gold brocade forms a slender gown, with the skirt slashed high at the lower edge in front and back. Brown tulle cascades in irregular apron fashion from the waistline and in mysterious manner ascends the back and twines about the neck

This bewitching coat covers a multitude of fringed panels, which are glimpsed at the bottom of the skirt. The wrap is black satin with insets of fringe running lengthwise of the garment. A cape-collar hangs to the waist in a soft flounce.

Alfred Cheney Johnston

Edith Day, who is charming New York as the star in the tuneful musical comedy, "Irene," is about to star in private life also, with her new frocks from Stein & Blaine's

MISS DAY loves the prevailing New York fashions, and has been merrymaking and skylarking "up and down around the town, and all around." As befits a sprightly little ingenue, her gowns are all youthful and artfully simple. Taffeta is her favorite for the moment, and why shouldn't it be, with its lustre and color, and perfect adaptability? "For immediate wear" was Miss Day's slogan, in selecting the frocks shown on these pages, and it is apparent that she has a knowledge of style and is a judge of what is becoming. The black taffeta frock above is very original in design, and is well adapted to any smart daytime occasion. It is not extreme, but certainly is the essence of all that is correct and exquisite. The frock is in one piece, with clever touches and trimmings of white. It buttons up the front, and has an upstanding turn-over collar that adds youth and dash to the costume. The high collar is by the way, decidedly chic, usually soft and easy to wear, and held smartly in place by a knot of ribbon or a unique arrangement of lace. We may look for a number of adroit means to arrive at this new turn of the fashion wheel, and doubtless one will grow to like the look and the feel of it.

The skirt is short and full and the sleeves terminate a bit below the elbow with a band of white. With a Ming Toy hat of black straw mounted with tiny ruffles of cardinal red taffeta, an artistic harmony of line and smart fashion delights and satisfies the eye.

Merely soft panniers, a gathered skirt, and shallow little bodice! sounds easy, but it is skillfully put together to obtain the correct silhouette

Quite the smartest and newest idea in a street costume—the whimsical little coat fastens in a high turn-over collar, and is cut into a square at the bust line showing a soft pleated blouse

The whisper of silk skirts trips along with every move of this demure little gown; it intrigues us with the youth and color of it, and is decidely debonair

THE large mushroom hat promises to be very popular with the bouffant skirt, but with the narrow more formal gowns, the Spanish style of millinery will prevail. Perhaps the Queen of Spain is responsible for a sudden interest in mantillas and lace draped hats, for on her recent Paris shopping tour, she purchased twenty hats of this description from Maison Lewis. The entire shop was agog and in a state of excitement over the Queen's great love for Spanish effects in fashions, and any number of rich American purchasers waited hours and hours while the Queen held sway in the noted establishment. No style is lovelier than a lace draped coiffure or chapeau; there is a subtle flattery in the shadow of lace fluttering against the hair or flesh, and when the fashion is once fairly launched in this country, it will linger with us for a long period. Miss Day has just ordered a bewildering creation of lace and flowers, which we hope to show you through these pages in the near future.

Gowns with hoops in the panniers are not popular in America, but puffs or arrangements of lace give them the pannier movement. A few of the new gowns in Miss Day's wardrobe are straight lined, but they are in the minority, as it is generally agreed that the exaggerated panniers add much to the picturesque aspect of the entire picture. The Lanvin type of dress is particularly noticeable in this wardrobe, with full skirts and tiny stiff pleats or shelves over the hips.

A triumph of the designer's art is awarded the street costume of blue tricotine and white Crepe de Chine chemisette. The ever attractive Eton jacket has gained new laurels by adding a jaunty Eton collar, which is artful in effect.

If the opening night of the Opera and theatre are prophetic of the evening mode, afternoons at the smart hotels certainly forecast the daytime fashions. The loose cape and sleeveless coat covers many costumes of elegance. Over a onepiece dress, Miss Day wears a coat of brown duvetyn with deep collar and high cuffs of dull gold brocade, or again she prefers a wrap in semi-circular cape effect, that reaches only a few inches below the waist.

THREE FROCKS OF BEAUTY

FOR THREE PERIODS

OF THE DAY

AFTER all, it is the fabric that counts, and this season the new fabrics have gathered to themselves the most exquisite textures and colors, to conform to the smart new fashions of simplicity in dress. The short-skirted and short-sleeved frocks require scarcely any trimming, as they depend on fabric and a bit of hand-made lace or embroidery to frame the lovely silhouette and color scheme. For the present, we have the ever-delightful taffeta, pirouetting before us in quaint design, but the softer materials for warmer days holds a great deal of our interest.

A Patrician gown worn by Arline Pretty. The foundation slip is of white, with a charming tunic of green and white Fisher Maid, a basket-weave fabric of versatile charm

A SLIP-OVER MODEL in flame-colored Dream Crepe, requires no trimming, save a fluting of smoke-grey chiffon at the neck or sleeve. The smoke-grey to harmonize with the tiny grey line which plaids itself into the smart pattern of the flame-colored crepe. A peek into the wardrobe of a stage beauty and a leader of fashion revealed the simplest of frocks, made of wondrous materials. When they were not made in one piece, they were simple slips, with cunning tunics, aprons or jackets of contrasting materials.

Hope Hampton wears an enviable evening gown of cream colored Pussy Willow satin, with a French motif embroidered in raised design. Silver lace forms the bodice and flounce.

Dorothy Dalton displays excellent taste in wearing an afternoon gown of Klimax Satin, made long. The sleeveless bodice is long, too, and is made over a dainty hand embroidered under bodice of "Indestructible Voile"

A VERY smart feature of the summer frocks is the simulated jacket and coat effect. It is made in one with the gown, or may be separate, but when it swings from the shoulder to the hip, the line is always becoming. When it is made of Thistldu, Dream Crepe or Fisher-Maid, a lacey effect is more effectively obtained than the actual use of lace, unless, of course, you are planning for evening gowns. And skirts are long or short. It depends on the fabric, on the style of gowns, and your own style of figure. Here again the American woman asserts her individuality, and is guided by suitability and a true sense of values.

"MIGEL" SILKS
ORIGINALITY—QUALITY

"A MIGEL SILK"
"MOON-GLO"
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
SATIN CREPE

—luxuriously rich and soft—fascinatingly lustrous—

"Moon-Glo" Satin Crepe is a wondrously adaptable fabric for Week End and Sports wear, or for the more formal things worn after sundown.

A tiny label in the garment—the name on the selvage—is an assurance.

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I ADHERE TO A CREED

By

ANGELINA

I MET such an interesting man the other evening, who turned out to be a kind of *deus ex machina* for this article. It happened this way: Edwin took me "slumming"—to dinner at a little Italian restaurant he knows, "about the only one left in New York with any real atmosphere." As the place was crowded, they had to put this man at our table. And after a round of *antipasta* and red wine, of course we all fell into conversation, rather deep, as you will presently see.

The man, it seemed, was "a young reporter." (You distinguish, if you please, between "a young reporter" and just "a reporter." If you're good-looking and well-dressed and have a "pleasing bedside manner" you're the one, and if not, you're the other.) And suddenly, splash, he started the subject of creeds.

"Yes, but what is your creed?" he hurled at me.

"My creed?" I exclaimed, taken aback. "I didn't know that I had any. Must one have a creed?"

"All the best people do," he replied.

"Edwin, a creed!" I cried. "Furnish me with a creed, at once."

"The young lady really has a creed already, though she doesn't know it," responded Edwin. "And not only has she a creed, but what is far more, she lives up to it."

"What is the creed?" we both inquired in one breath.

"It is," announced Edwin, "to be modern, to be up-to-date at all costs."

And it took me only a second to realize that Edwin was absolutely right. I did have a creed. And that was it—modernness. Edwin *is* nice. Wasn't it clever of him to formulate me?

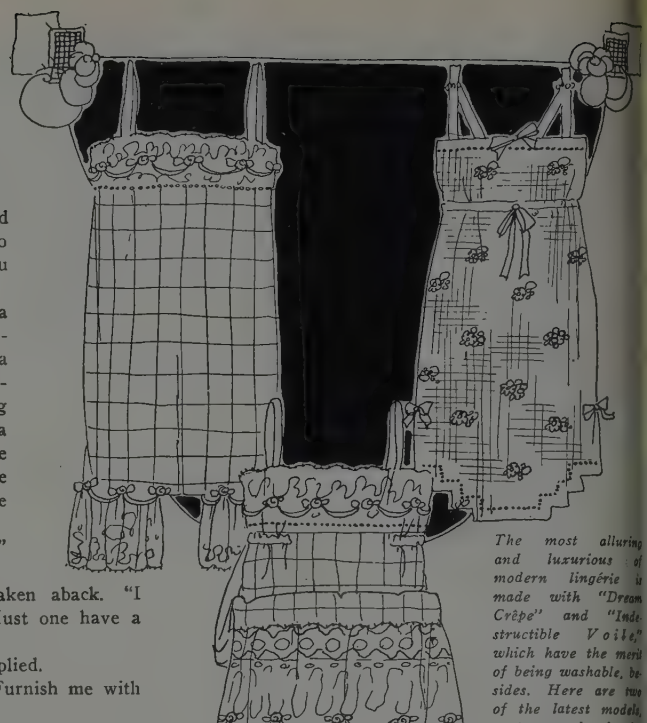
* * *

I thought about my nice little creed the next day. And I made a vow to live up to it more consciously than I had before. I shall begin at once by writing this month on the most modern thing I can think of. What is it in clothes, I asked myself—just like Hermione—that is most modern, most typical of today. And found the answer at once. Two guesses! Don't you know? Why, *silk*, of course. The use of silk is as modern as aeroplanes, as motors, as French shoes on American feet, as cigarette-holders carried by women in the lobby of the Ritz. You must have silk nowadays for everything. For lingérie, for dresses, for hats, for slippers. For bags and parasols and curtains and pillows. From top to bottom, from inside out, from cover to cover.

No better investment for Southern wear, or later summer, than a smock and hat and parasol set of one of the Pussywillow American wildflower series, to wear with white linen skirts. The set here is in navy Pussywillow printed with a dandelion in pale ecru.

(Below)

Dream designs, Chinese designs, bubble designs, broken glass designs, appear on the new Pussywillow silks. A pattern in fairy-like aquamarine growths is shown on this long pillow, the colors a lovely medley of blue and pink against an ecru background.



The most alluring and luxurious of modern lingérie is made with "Dream Crêpe" and "Indestructible Voile," which have the merit of being washable, besides. Here are two of the latest models, a trousered chemise (it fastens up through its middle with tiny snappers) in mauve "Dream Crêpe," trimmed with Princess lace to go under a long slip of the same. And a "shimmy" of grey and white check "Indestructible Voile" printed with little bouquets of blue and pink.

Acting on my fresh-taken resolution, the flash of a lamb's tail found me at Mallinson's—magic word—seeing their new Spring creations. Their "Dream Crêpe," with a fine crinkly line plaided through the fabric; self-tone, or two-tone in brown and gilt, in henna and green, in blue and gold. Their "Fisher-Maid," a coarse-meshed net-like fabric, such as you may see on page 120, in the apron tunic of the frock that Miss Arline Pretty wears. The latest shades and patterns of their enchanting and well-known "Kumsi-Kumsa," among the shades being a heavenly coral and an "Aphrodite green."

Their "Thistledu" and their "Newport Cord" that make such stunning suits. I have seen a lamb of a one in the latter material with an accordion-pleated skirt and a short-fringed jacket, a costume as alive and shimmering as quicksilver, as eye-catching as the flash of a silver fish through the water. Their "Klimax Satin," of which Dorothy Dalton has had a wonderful gown made, combining it with embroidered "indestructible voile." Lastly, the Pussywillow series of American wildflowers, silk printed with the thistle, the daisy, the ragged robin, and so on, which make the daintiest of smock-and-hat-and-parasol sets to be worn with white linen skirts for the South.

There's a world of difference in undervests

The Vanity Fair Double-Back Knicker No. 2410

The Vanity Fair Step-In Envelope Chemise, No. 44012

THERE is something so alluring about a silk vest when it's before you on the counter, that you rarely stop to "dissect" it! It's so shimmery and fresh looking that, if it feels of good quality, the chances are you buy it without further ado!

But—there really is a world of difference! There's the vest that rides up in an uncomfortable roll beneath your corset and there's the Vanity Fair! The Vanity Fair is four whole precious inches longer than the ordinary silk undervest and you can't realize how long four inches is until you've worn that Plus-4-Inch Vest. Then the shoulder straps—instead of being silk that strings and wears, they are of luxuriously heavy glove-silk, hemstitched. You simply can't wear them out!

This might sound as though the vest were the only unusual article of Vanity Fair silk loveliness. But it's not! The Vanity Fair Knicker is just as different because it has a "double-back". Two thicknesses of glove-silk from belt to knee in back defy the corset steels to pry through and wear it out!

The Vanity Fair Union is cut to stay closed and what a relief that is! It has the same glove silk straps as the vest, and so has the Step-In Envelope Chemise. The Step-In has no snaps nor buttons but is open on each side from hip to knee. You can wear it under or over the corset with equal comfort. The Vanity Fair Pettibocker —well, there's really no need to say *Vanity Fair* Pettibocker 'cause there is no other! Vanity Fair originated the Pettibocker and you're sure it's a real Pettibocker with the combined comfort of knicker and petticoat, if it has a Pettibocker label in the back below the waist elastic.

The Vantie is another original Vanity Fair creation and is gaining much favor with silk-underclad women. Like the knicker it starts with the waist elastic but ends like a Step-In with a slashed, hemstitched leg.

The glove-silk that makes these Vanity Fair underthings is the quality that makes glove-silk underwear more economical than any other type of fabric!

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Makers of Vanity Fair Silk Underwear and Silk Gloves.

Vanity Fair SILK UNDERWEAR

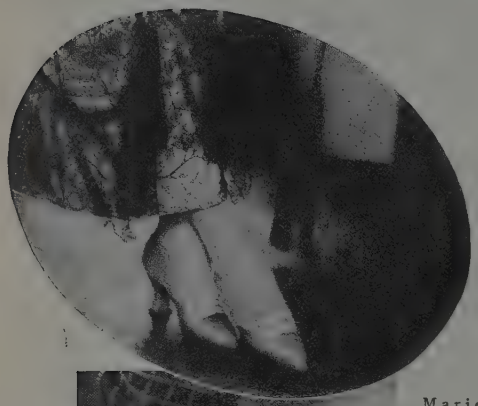
THE VANITY BOX

by

ANNE ARCHBALD

FEET are the indisputable "headliners" of this season's bill. The spotlight of fashion, focused by the controversy over French versus American shoes, is on them with a strong glare. Vain, indeed, the woman who dares disregard the appearance of her's! Wherefore, we thought you would like to see visualized the preferences in footgear of certain actresses, who are known for the alluring aspect of their feet. Shoes for all, and individuality above everything seems to be their motto!

(*Continued on page* 130)

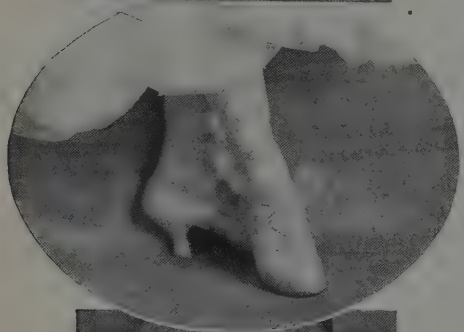


Marie Chambers, now playing in "Nightie Night," believes that a big buckle, besides adding dash and sparkle, always takes away from the length of the vamp and in general makes the foot look smaller

Marilynn Miller, defying the majority, will have nothing to do with high heels. Flat heels are the only thing for a graceful carriage, she insists, and Marilynn's exquisite dancing entitles her to some authority

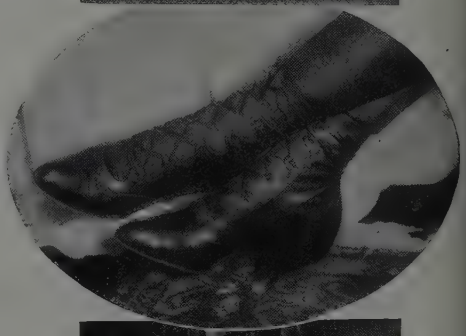
Dorothy Dickson, dancer, has gone over, heart and soul, to the French camp, and is now wearing round-toed, short-vamped "chaussures" from the smartest shop for French shoes in New York

If you want to know what a pair of riding boots should look like, glance at these of Ruth Shepley's, heroine of "Adam and Eva," who loves "all outdoors," and is an authority on sport garments



Constance Binney, Realart screen star, says the shoe is nothing without its stocking, and wears as her favorite for dancing an individual and lovely hose of silk, inserted with little fluted shells of lace

Catherine Calvert, that beautiful screen star, always wears this type of shoe, which combines a touch of both French and American schools. It is made of soft kids, light and dark, to match her different gowns



"What is an up-to-date boudoir without a pair of satin mules?" Miss Doris Kenyon, appearing in "The Girl in the Limousine," told us, "I should as soon think of going without my morning coffee, or my telephone." And if you want to show off a pretty foot . . .!

Elsie Mackay, who is all for the made-in-America last, wears in "Clarence," the Booth Tarkington hit at the Hudson, a smart pair of ties in gray F. B. & C. Kid. to match her gray tailleur

Florence Shirley of "Apple Blossoms" likes black satin slippers and lace inserted stockings, and a heel that is neither too high nor too low; call it a "Dolly" or a "Baby French," as you please

On this page we show a few of the fashion possibilities of wonderful

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CAUSONS de la MODE!

THE SKIRT IS LONGER, BUT FLOUNCED AND PUFFED; OF BODICE THERE IS LESS THAN NOUGHT, AND SLEEVES ARE AS NEARLY EXTINCT AS THE DODO BIRD!

By HOWARD GREER

MADAME PAVLOWA could have found no more sumptuous a theatre at which to present her Russian Ballet than the Theatre des Champs Elysées, in the Avenue Montaigne, nor could Paris have chosen a better time and place as a definite commencement of a midwinter season of formality and brilliance in town. Fashionable Paris looked upon the return of Pavlowa as the opportune moment for a "reprise de rigeur" in evening dress. Heretofore the "haute monde" has appeared at the theatre, the restaurants and dancing palaces, clad quite as informally as in the days preceding the armistice. Even the Opera, where one might expect a severity in dress at any time, has made no demands upon the public in the way of starched bosoms and decolleté. The Champs Elysées Theatre, with its spacious marble corridors and winding carpeted stairs, calls for dignity in attire. The reappearance of Pavlowa, after an absence of some eight years, gave just opportunity to revive that pre-war severity so dear to Parisians. The theatre is like a jeweler's window in the Rue de la Paix; it was constructed for the display of beautiful gowns, rich furs and precious gems. The auditorium is so arranged that from the stalls, the loges, the balconies or galleries, one gets a perfect view not only of the stage but of the audience as well. The promenades, smoking rooms and bars are never-ending, and with their cream-tinted walls afford an excellent background for Milady's or Monsieur's toilet.

Unlike London, one's raiment was not subjected to a trying scrutiny along with the "billets d'entrée," yet there were not more than two exceptions in the gathering. It was the first real chance to be smart, and Paris made itself exceedingly so. The intermissions were of more interest to some than the program itself, which, but for the artistry of Pavlowa, would have been no great success. The numbers were but a repetition of the tiresome ballets that have gone to make up the dancer's repertoire since her earliest triumphs. Of course, it was Paris, and one cannot expect a great deal in the way of lighting and staging, but three years in the most exacting countries in the world, Argentina and Brazil, should have raised the standards of the company's "artistic director." By the way, I am told that Serge Diaghileff, who made possible the dreams of Fokine and Bakst, and who presented Nijinsky, Bolm and Lopokova to America, was one of the spectators upon the opening night, and that he left the theatre with shrugging shoulders, sometime before the last of the divertissements were presented.

But we were speaking of clothes! A glance over the audience revealed two outstanding features in the mode of the moment. There was an alarming exposure of bare backs and arms, and a decided feeling for panniers and flounces. And, for the first time in many days, there were numerous headdresses; presuming affairs of jewels, lace and feathers. Perhaps in deference to the dancers, there were many little bonnets, fashioned like those worn upon Russian feté days, resting low upon the forehead and tied at the back with long streamers of gold and silver, or colored ribbon. It remained for the entr'actes to disclose the length of skirts and the management of cloaks. Skirts are becoming longer—much to the joy of the American woman—but the material that is being added to the hem has been taken from the sleeves and bodices. Sleeves, indeed, are nearly as extinct as the dodo bird. Say what you may in America, berate the appalling vertebral exposure, bewail the absence of sleeves and the brevity of the jupe—the fair Parisienne has set her stamp of absolute approval upon these vagaries, and there is no more to be done about it. Monsieur still clothes himself with the good old ante-bellum prudence, which permits of an extra pair of sleeves or a woolen chest protector, welcome things in this period of coal shortage. Milady adores being a martyr, and a martyr she is in these times, with her pretended immunity to frigid interiors. Happily, there are coats and scarves of fur to be carried upon the shoulders, but, worn in the shapeless fashion of the moment, they leave all too many openings for wintry draughts.

There is little to say of bodices, for of bodices there is less than nought. The predominating feature below the line of the waist is found in the panniers or wired fullness about the hips. This occasions a like fullness at the hem of the frock unless the rippling process dwindles

(Continued on page 128)

MISS CARROLL McCOMAS

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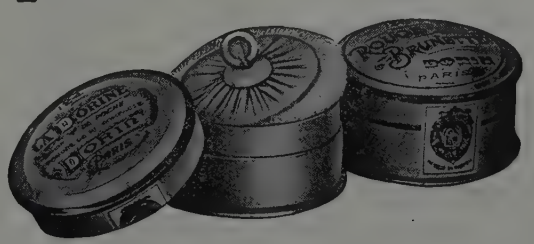

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CAUSONS DE LA MODE

(Continued from page 126)

away to mere ankle room or wispy trains that bob whimsically over the floors. During the first intermission not more than a hundred spectators remained in their seats. The corridors and lounges were uncomfortably crowded with women, who found not half enough room for the proper exposition of their charms. It became necessary for the male escorts to form little bodyguards in the rear. At that there were annoying moments when Madame was forced to wrap the end of her train about a heavily braceleted wrist, to insure its remaining an integral part of the costume.

I was pushing my way through the perfumed, powdered throngs catching my breath at visions which would have been amazing enough in the theatrical show-rooms of Callot's or Paul Poiret's. Of a sudden I came face to face with what struck me then as being the "startler" of the evening. The woman was tall and blond and beautiful, otherwise her daring would have been but vulgar at best. She might have been absolutely without escort, for any attention that she was deigning to bestow upon the three men who followed her, in echelon formation, thus giving her train proper space. Her frock was of pearls and silver, frothy and sparkling like a rolling wave that might have engulfed the lower part of her body and thrown a light spray of foam over her breast. The creation began, properly speaking, at a waist line that was low indeed. Her couturier had scorned back and sleeves and all but forgotten the fore of the bodice. Two very slender points, that failed to meet even at the girdle, dwindled away at the shoulder line into ropes of pearls that were fastened to the belt in the back. While the skirt barely covered her knee-caps in the front, it was very full and spread behind her like a peacock's tail. I can imagine Cleopatra or Salomé being quite at home in the dress.

I remember one youthful frock of rose taffeta, made with a pointed basque bodice, and wired flare of the silk, from which fell layer upon layer of soft cream lace. From the edge of the taffeta upon the hips the girl's figure was quite unconcealed. And there was another very chic confection of rust-colored tulle, cut in layers of small points, each tier bound with gold cloth. A soft curling ostrich feather of black wound about the waist and formed a striking bodice line.

There were not a few of the women present who chose to wear their cloaks of fur or brocade during both the performances and the intermissions. There was one astonishing cloak of black and silver brocade, cut after the lines of a mandarin's robe. The bodice was extremely tight and the skirt of the coat flared with a great deal of exaggeration, while the sleeves were full and would have given ample room for the accommodation of several Pekingese. While chinchilla seems to be the most popular of winter furs, one of the most fascinating cloaks was a very Drianesque affair of ermine and Hudson seal, placed together in long strips that wound about the wearer's body, much like the red strips that decorate a stick of peppermint candy. Speaking of furs reminds me of the inimitable Spinelly, who left her revue at the Palais Royal Theatre and rushed to the Champs Elysées for the last of the divertissements on the Pavlowa program. All that one saw of Spinelly was her head from the tip of the nose up, and her feet and ankles halfway to the knee. The rest of her lithe little figure was swathed in castor. It was the most lavish and incomprehensible mass of fur imaginable. Of course, it was meant to be a cloak—since there were no visible sleeves or fastenings!—but the general effect was that Spinellys' attendants might have bound her about, from the shoulders to the knees, in a never-ending, very wide scarf. If you can picture the leaning tower of Pisa done in rich castor; then you can picture Spinelly. Her hair was drawn tightly away from her forehead and cast into a knot of amazing dimensions at the back, from which shot a huge Spanish comb of bright vermillion. Her tiny feet were attached to high-heeled mules, bound with many straps of gold to her sheeny ankles. Quite naturally, she was the center of attraction after the performance and her lovely vanity, studied grace and delightful nonchalance were worthy of any one's attention.

Of the male members in attendance it was interesting to note, beside M. Diaghileff, many theatrical managers of Parisian and London fame. It is whispered that Sir Alfred Butt, who managed Elsie Janis recently in England, visited Madame Pavlowa immediately after the performance and made an offer for a future appearance in London that far outreaches those hitherto made by any number of managers from over the channel. Le Chevalier André de Fouquieres, the Beau Brummel of present-day Paris, was a member of a party which included Sorel, of the Comedie Francaise; Drian, the etcher, and Picabia, the impressionist of red-handed emotions. Barbier, the artist, was a unique figure, in the conventional dinner clothes, with a soft-bosomed shirt, a soft, pointed collar and a flowing black Windsor tie.

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MAY 1900

ANNIVERSARY NUMBER of the THEATRE MAGAZINE

MAY 1920

TWENTY years of publication is an achievement and it is with pardonable pride that we announce the celebration, in the May issue of

OUR TWENTIETH BIRTHDAY

When the first issue of the Theatre Magazine was published in May 1900, it was the first high class periodical devoted solely to the Stage and the Drama, and in the years that have followed, we have held the field alone, always adhering to the ideals that guided the publication of the first issue. Today the Theatre Magazine is known wherever magazines are read, and it is regarded as the leading authority on things theatrical.

Special Features

We have invited many stage favorites to contribute their reminiscences, among others, Julia Marlowe, E. H. Sothern, Blanche Bates, Mrs. Fiske, and such notables in the theatrical world as Channing Pollock, Roi Cooper Megrue, Avery Hopwood, Rupert Hughes, J. I. C. Clarke, David Belasco, Daniel Frohman, Walter Prichard Eaton, Clayton Hamilton, Louise De Foe, Louis Calvert.

Illustrations

There will be a wealth of full page portraits of America's best loved Stars, and lesser stage lights, with the biographies of each, and the magazine will be richly and liberally illustrated with full page colored portraits, scenes from the theatres, twenty years ago and today, and many other interesting illustrations. In the Motion Picture Section, full page portraits of all the prominent screen favorites will be shown.

The Publishers

"The policy of the Theatre Magazine will be to approve all that tends to elevate the tone of the Stage and add to the dignity of the Profession. It will praise good work by whomsoever done—playwright, actor, manager—and censure fearlessly where Art has been trampled upon and debased."

Reprinted from the first issue of Theatre Magazine

CORNELL DRAMATIC CLUB AND ITS VENTURE TOWARD THE COUNTRYSIDE THEATRE

(*Continued from page* 112)

iations in the country. Definite for the work this year have been completed as yet, but the le Theatre" will be continued its monthly groups of one-act . Whether or not a large pro- on will be given depends on the itions next year.

E benefit which the student derives from the work in the natic Club is considerable. Of extra-curricular activities, it ds opportunities for the develop- of the widest range of inter- There is a great demand for ers who have been trained in Club and at considerably in- sed salaries. A good number former members are succeeding rofessional theatre work. Be- its value to the members, the by its high standards and ex- nt training has done much to the tone of the other dramatic nizations in the University. The has done splendid work and rves the place which it has made itself in the front rank of ell institutions.

mong the notable one-act plays ch have been most successfully n in the monthly bills presented or three nights each in the pus Theatre are: Synge's lers to the Sea" and "Shadow of Glen"; W. B. Yeats' "The Hour ss" and "Pot o' Broth"; Max- 's "The Last Man In"; Suder- n's "Fritzchen"; Jones' "Her gue" and "A Clerical Error"; w's "Press Cuttings"; Hough- s "The Master of the House"; lac and Haberg's "Indian Sum- "; Dunsany's "The Golden m" and "The Glittering Gate"; ndberg's "Pariah"; Pinero's e Playgoers"; Gale's "The ghbors"; Valcro's "Sabotage"; ch's "The Clod"; Tchekor's "The rriage Proposal";

e Last Supper" and "Episode"; ver's "The Turtle Dove"; pin's "Lonesomelike"; Sutro's e Open Door," "The Game of ss," and "The Bracelet"; Jacobs' "The Ghost of Jerry Bundler", "Between Soup and Savoury", and many others of the same quality.

PREVIOUS to adopting the one-act play policy in the Campus Theatre the Club had a really notable series of successes in great contemporary dramas from the European dramatists; Ibsen's "The Pillars of Society," and "An Enemy of the People"; Gogoyl's "The Inspector General"; Jones' "The Rogue's Comedy"; Capus' "The Adventurer"; Giacosa's "Like Falling Leaves"; Bjornson's "Leonarda."

The progress of the Cornell Dramatic Club indicates the power of ideals and hard work. Originally it had practically no support save that given by Professor J. A. Winans of the Department of Public Speaking. It has had no social aura to attract. It has given little reward to its members but the opportunity for hard work, and the satisfaction and training gained thereby. It has succeeded against severe competition from lower grade but more popular "dramatic" organizations. It has raised the whole tone of dramatic endeavor in the University. It trained—at what labor let the director tell—all the women taking leading dramatic or spoken parts in the widely advertised Cornell Women's pageant. Its members have been the effective leaders—on merit—in all informal "theatricals" in the University. Its graduates command positions and increased salaries as teachers. A good number of former members have "made good" in the professional theatre. And it has trained a great number of students to know more, and "feel" more intelligent about the theatre,—as well as added to the pleasure and profit of the community.

In grasping the opportunity to give some of its enthusiasm and to encourage by its example the possible—the almost certain "countryside theatre"—it has but taken to a larger field what it had learned to do well at home.

NEW COLUMBIA RECORDS

ARGARET ROMAINE, Ameri- can soprano opera star, makes first four records for Columbia month. They are the "Musetta ltz," from *La Boheme,* in which made her début at the New York tropolitan Opera last year; the ndo Gavotte," from *Mignon;* nesome That's All," a beautiful e song, and "A Little Bit o' ney," a sweet lullaby.

Everyone knows these two great faring songs, "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep" and "Asleep in the Deep." Mardones, the New York Metropolitan Opera Company basso, sings them for Columbia this month. His lower register reaches almost unbelievable depths.

Ponselle, the great dramatic soprano of the New York Metropolitan Opera Company, has chosen a song from a Verdi Opera for her Columbia record this month. And her rendering of the "Bolero" from this opera reveals her rare dramatic art.—*Adv.*

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VANITY BOX

(*Continued from page* 124)

BESIDE the details we were able to give in the captions, we were one or two other interesting things about shoes by the diff actresses. Miss Chambers, for instance, claims a distinct affinity for footwear. She chooses grey for both slippers and shoes, in satin, in in suede, to wear with all sorts of costumes. The pair in the picture in grey satin worn with a black lace frock.

AND Dorothy Dickson gave as her reason for adopting the Fr shoes—"it was not a mere fad,"—that she found their round much more comfortable than the long, pointed, vamped American sh Marilynn Miller agrees with her as to the round toe, and likes the Fr ankle strap, too, but, as we said, she must have her flat heel. You've idea how attractive and young her feet look, like an adorable infant' those little patent leather pumps fastened with the black satin b But that's only because Miss Miller has such tiny feet to begin with, protest. No, the lady says. The principle is correct, and she has a b maker that can make anybody's feet look well. (*See foot of page*)

FROM HEAD TO FOOT

IF you happened to read Jacob Hergesheimer's last book, "Lin Condon," you were doubtless much amused by the description of first—and disastrous—attempts made by the hair-dresser of twenty ye back, to give a permanent wave to the hair. You may even have b contemplating a permanent wave for your own hair, and were deterred the incident. But you must reflect that we are past all that now. T the method of permanent waving has been so improved and perfec that it is practically a sure-fire thing. *If* it is done by competent, relia people.

AS in everything else, there are charlatans. There are good and ferior methods. A good method, first of all, includes a wave that stay in for a certain length of time, say at least six months. A go method does not burn nor break the hair, nor cause it to lose its natu elasticity, nor make it look rough and dead. A good method curls hair in such a way that when it is undone from the curler, after the w ing, it looks just like a curl, and not a jagged crimp.

All that sounds very well, you may say. But where is one to find, h is one to tell, this good method. The Vanity Box is very glad to reco mend a Frenchman, who is really one of the pioneers of permanent w ing, and has had years of successful experience with it.

He has also originated a method for home permanent waving, those unable to come to New York, the outfit for which is exactly same as that in his own establishment, and can be used anywhere wh there is electricity installed. There is, he asserts, no longer any excu for the continual boredom of the nightly hair-curler, or the constant e ployment of the tongs—to say nothing of the bad results to the hai when by the expenditure of a few dollars the hair can be given a wa that will last over a long period of time, "a wave that falls into pre lines, and gives the head a healthy and full appearance."

THIS same Frenchman has a most interesting theory about curly h in general, and has worked out a treatment for small children ba on it, which we have not room to go into here, but about which we sho be glad to give more information.

(*Write The Vanity Box, Care* THE THEATRE MAGAZINE, 6 *East* 39*th Stre New York City, for information on the shoes and stockings shown, a where they may be purchased. Also for further information concern the reliable "Permanent Waving," the "Home Outfit," and the treatm for curling young children's hair.*)

Does the Short-sleeved Afternoon Present this Problem to You?

IT is admittedly a serious one, but only to that woman who does not know there is now a way to remove hair, *without slightest danger of irritation.*

WITH the unquestioned acceptance of sleeveless frocks as the season's mode, and gowns which leaves so *little* to the imagination, the fastidious woman, unable to overcome her instinctively feminine viewpoint of the incongruous blade, and fearful of the severe chemicals of old methods, is confronted with the awkward urgency of discovering an effective, yet *consistent* way to remove superfluous hair.

It is to her that the following information will be of singular interest.

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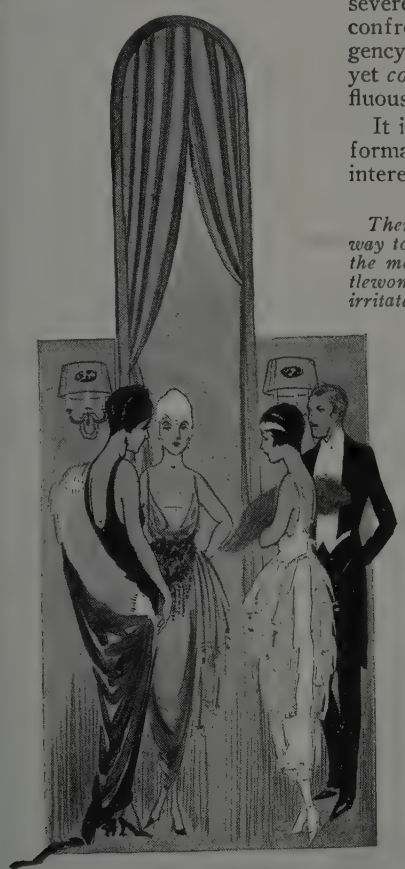

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REHEARSING THE AMATEUR PLAY

(Continued from page 106)

IT is reported that when an impersonator of Lincoln was needed for Mr. Drinkwater's play, some one suggested a Mr. McGlynn. He was summoned back to New York from a road company. The author and he went through the scene in Grant's headquarters in which the President pardons the boy to be shot. At the end of that try-out, Mr. McGlynn was engaged for the title rôle.

This point of selecting the cast is emphasized here because in amateur plays there are likely to be so many instances of miscasting. Friendship, social prestige, prejudice, previous appearances, willingness to act, desire to shine, all these must be reckoned with in this process. The director must reduce them to the minimum, and seek for mobility, obedience, fitness, loyalty, and endurance. If he is wise he will banish temperament unless it is overshadowed by matchless ability.

Every member of the cast should read the entire play. This is essential for amateurs. Some apparently chance remark in an early conversation may determine the delineation of a character, or indicate the interpretation of an entire scene. Producers, of course, should collect all these points and transmit them to the actors through directions; but the actors should be given the opportunity to accumulate them for themselves. At the first meeting the play should be read by the cast. General directions should be noted upon the copies.

At the first real rehearsal it might be a good thing if every performer could be letter-perfect. This is an ideal condition never realized by any actors. It is not so necessary, for at this first rehearsal the cast should merely walk through their parts, getting ideas of how and when to enter and exit; how and when to move about; what changes of feeling to indicate, all of which they should carefully write down upon their copies. Then when they memorize they can pick up all this stage business in connection with the lines they speak. Thus the action and the delivered word are suited to each other as they should be. This, you recall, was one of Shakespeare's cardinal points of good acting.

DURING first rehearsals the director should interrupt frequently. It is more difficult to correct an unfit action before it becomes spontaneously reflex than after. It is easier, though difficult at any time, to change a wrong or misplaced emphasis. It is easier to get clear ideas of situations then. At such times when differences of opinion arise between director and actor, the latter may be allowed to express his conception, but in the end he must follow the director's decision. The latter may be able to explain very clearly why he asks for action done his way rather than another. If he is a thinking producer he will be able to show why his interpretation is correct. If he merely "feels" that it should be so he should examine and analyze to assure himself.

The producer should know how to emphasize effects—notice, emphasize not exaggerate. Here is a concrete illustration of the principle underlying this topic. In "The Angel Intrudes," a young woman about to elope with a young poet really goes off with his guardian angel who has intruded to save him from this rascal exploit. This scene could be played to show that the Angel does all he can to win the girl. But it is more humorous—as well as carrying out the announced disposition of the girl—to have her rapidly transfer her affection and go willingly with this fascinating visitor from Heaven. Their departure can point this or neutralize it. The Angel opens the door while she is on the opposite side of the room. Should he then go across to her, and lead her out as an ordinary lover would? Or should he wait at the door and let her cross to join him before they go out together? The second is so much more in the spirit of the play that some would call it almost self-evident.

AS rehearsals progress there should be fewer and fewer interruptions. Changes should be announced before the action begins or at the end of a scene. If possible, these alterations should be incorporated immediately. Many amateurs need time to absorb changes. In this instance the modification should become effective at the next rehearsal.

One-act plays should be rehearsed entire. Performers should feel the rise of interest and know how to secure it. The danger of repeating until the acting becomes a bore should be anticipated and avoided. Frequent, rather than long, rehearsals should be the rule. Familiarity and ability should reach the point where no effect is the result of a lucky chance or fortunate circumstance. It should be an assured certainty from habitual effort.

Full-length plays require different treatment by amateurs. Acts should be rehearsed separately. The first act will require the longest time because in addition to memorizing lines and working up business, the actors are endeavoring to take on the characters of other persons. When the first act is ready, they will have mastered the characterization so that task diminishes as the rehearsals proceed.

Every act has its peculiar problems and important requirements. The first act must arouse the interest of the audience. It must impress them as soon as possible. First speeches are extremely important and correspondingly difficult. The director should make plain to speakers just where the first laugh

(Continued on page 134)

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Scene from "The Honor of the Family" presented under its French title, "La Rabouilleuse" by the Cercle Dramatique San-Gene.

LE CERCLE SANS-GENE

IN Worcester, Mass., with a population of 25,000 French speaking Americans, there is an interesting organization, known as "Le Cercle Sans-Gene" which makes its appeal to the French speaking people of Worcester and environs, producing plays by French authors exclusively. The Circle takes its name from the play of the same title, "Madame Sans-Gene," the first successful production which they presented at the Worcester Theatre in 1915.

Since the initial effort of "Le Cercle Sans-Gene" several presentations have been given each year, and the proceeds devoted to charity; "Les Philadelphes," "Le Serment du Soldat," "Le Vieux Caporal," "Le Donjon de Vincennes," "Le Calvaire d'une Femme," "La Rabouilleuse," the last, the most successful of all their productions was repeated by request in Worcester, and taken on tour to Southbridge, Spencer, Gardner, Ware and Lowell, Mass. where the players were greeted by enthusiastic audiences.

In Worcester and nearby New England towns, there are many groups of Franco-Americans, faithful to the language of their ancestors and "Le Cercle Sans-Gene" plays an important rôle in their intellectual and artistic development.

"Le Cercle Sans-Gene" was founded by a professional actor, Mr. Paul Cazeneuve, former artistic director of the theatre National Francais of Montreal; Miss Sara H. Girardin, who plays the leading feminine rôles; Mr. Henri C. De Vitry, Mr. Jean Gelinas, Mr. Charles L. Dupre, Mr. Romeo D. Raymond and Mr. Francois Lariviere. Their performances are said to exceed in finish and technique the work of any of the professional French dramatic organizations which have visited Worcester.

REHEARSING THE AMATEUR PLAY

(*Continued from page* 106)

may be expected, just where the first telling impression should be made. In these days of moderate, realistic acting, amateurs are finding it more and more difficult to secure their effects. This entails, all the more, careful preparation in acting.

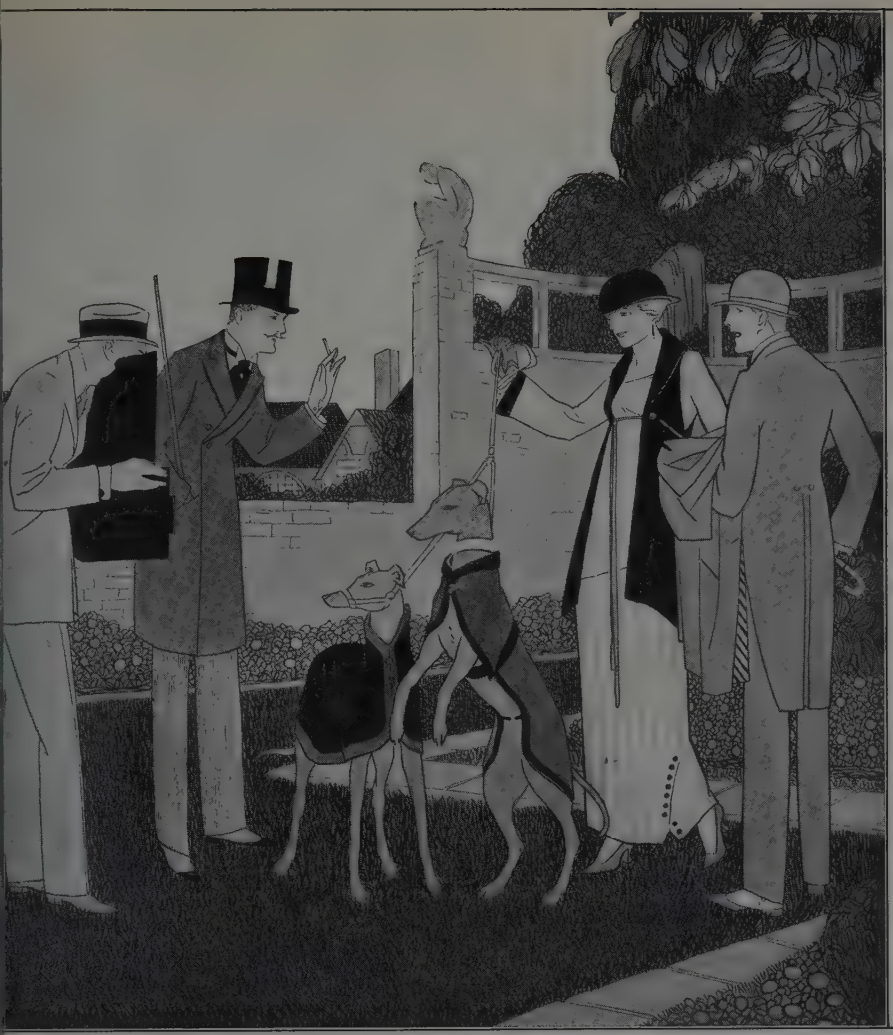
Middle acts must be rehearsed to rise above the first. Intensity and complication must be reflected in rehearsals. There must be a series of step ups. Intervals of contrast must not allow the audience to slip away.

IT is in concluding acts that amateurs usually fail. They have not the endurance to carry a long play easily. They may not be conscious of it, but they have used up most of their energy. Try as they will, the last act lacks freshness and vigor. So they must be rehearsed for endurance. Before the last act is reached they have also used up their supply of acting devices, so that there is the suggestion of monotony in their presentations. This accounts in part for the general "let-down."

To correct this, the last act should be rehearsed longer and more carefully. Many directors start rehearsing it too close to the performance. It does not move as certainly as it should. Yet, as it is the most significant part of the play, it should be the best acted.

A good director should have devices for helping rehearsals. Groups and combinations should be planned so that minor characters are not kept waiting about with nothing to do except to disturb by chattering. Conscious performers should be rehearsed privately in love passages, comic scenes, and tense situations, until they are good enough to impress the other members of the cast.

The play should be ready in every acting detail a week before the scheduled performance. During those last days the producer should be free to give time and attention to costumes, make-up, scenery, lighting, properties, and the thousand and one details which make play-producing the most vexatious as well as the most fascinating undertaking in the world.



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FIGHTING BOLSHEVISM

(*Continued from page* 84)

dant. Reassuringly she tells him such things have always been in every crisis of every era, but that always there arises a stabilizing force that restores man to his own.

With Despair protesting but following, she takes Wayfarer back through the ages and shows to him the despairing captive Jews "By the Waters of Babylon." Next she shows him the fields of Bethlehem on the night of the Nativity.

Some thirty years elapse and a great throng at the Damascus gate awaits the triumphal entry of the Messiah into Jerusalem, which Wayfarer watches while Understanding explains its significance. But powerful interests begin to fear the Messiah's growing influence and the effect of His miracles. Finally, He is denounced to Pontius Pilate, the Roman Governor. The trial hour arrives. Pilate tries to appease the multitude with Barrabas. They insist, however, upon crucifying the Messiah, and Pilate surrenders Him, at the same time washing his hands as a token of his own innocence. Again the scene shifts to before the Shusham gate, but this time the crowds are streaming outward toward Calvary. The cross is seen to fall and to be caught up again. The multitude passes into the distance and the crucifixion is left to the imagination.

The spectacle impresses one as a strange mixture of much that is best in opera, drama, and pageantry, and yet it is none of these. One feels that Mr. Rich's genius has blended many arts into something absolutely new and yet has succeeded in diffusing and sustaining a note of profound reverence throughout the entire production. He is particularly skillful in handling the always difficult representation of the Saviour. The figure of the Messiah nowhere appears, but is only suggested.

Mr. Rich not only produced "The Wayfarer," but he rewrote Dr. Crowther's original version of the book, helped select and arrange the music, designed the scenery and the costumes, invented some interesting lighting effects and personally rehearsed the stage ensemble of more than a thousand men and women. In addition, he was the administrative head of the financial end of the enterprise. Mr. Rich must be given credit for great wisdom in the choice of his helpers, among them Mr. Henry Hadley, the composer and musical director; Dr. Tali Esen Morgan, as the choir director; Mr. Alberto Bimboni, as chorus director; Miss Blanche Yurka, as casting director; Mr. Percival Vivian, as stage director, and Messrs. E. Lyall Swete, Sigmund Spaeth, and Prof. Philip E. Sherman of Oberlin College for collaboration in the adaptation of the text.

Assisting Mr. Hadley as conductor of the new Symphony Orchestra were three soloists with voices of great beauty and power: Theo. Karle, tenor; Bernard Ferguson, baritone, and Helen Newitt, soprano. The great chorus was recruited from more than fifteen hundred congregations in the Metropolitan district. Groups of a thousand voices were used on alternate nights in order to lighten the burden of responsibility of attendance.

W. A. Lowenberg.

THE THEATRICAL ANGEL

(*Continued from page* 92)

nor tail of the situation. In due course of time, however, the facts come to light. They are simply that the production was on a rental basis and that the contract stipulated that the lease would automatically expire the moment the gross receipts fell below the $3,000 mark. There were no other theatres in New York for rent big enough to house the production and pay for it. The leading lady would not go on tour. The books showed a deficit of $40,000. The producer wished to wash his hands of the show because it was beginning to hurt his reputation. Besides, he had a winner already booked for the same house. In other words, the "angel's" hobby-horse did not live up to expectations.

The production intact is then sold to a large and successful producing firm for $25,000. This takes a lot of the sting out of the failure. Our "angel" sinks back into his obscure yet comfortable establishment on Fourth Avenue, marking down his $15,000 loss as "three months' tuition in the college of life."

Imagine his surprise when six months later he drops into a Philadelphia theatre to see the revamped version of "his" production. At the hands of experienced writers and performers, not to mention the expert management, it has developed into the hit of the year on the road. The sales of one song alone has hit the million mark. At $18,000 weekly the show is clearing $4,800 on a 60-40 split with the house. It has played fifteen weeks and has twenty-five to go. It was bought for $25,000!

Perhaps then, there is a reason why the man behind the man behind the show who is in the game for speculative reasons only does not figure in the limelight of popularity. Perhaps he doesn't deserve even as much praise as the chorus girl who has her eye on a part—"and really tries." Some people will tell you that ambition has a difficult time of it getting recognized. That may be true, but the downtown merchant who speculates on Forty-second and Broadway, in spite of his bank-roll, is forever denied the thrill of the limelight.

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to keep our readers in touch with what is being done in the colleges, churches and communities, toward the permanent establishment of the Play and the Drama—to bring to them the realization that something more is needed in developing and upbuilding a city or town, than the mere establishment of business and industries.

We are glad to receive for possible publication in the Amateur Theatricals Department, photographs and articles concerning successful amateur productions. Inquiries come to us from churches, clubs and colleges throughout the country, and this service is open to all our readers.

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QUERIES ANSWERED

The editor will endeavor to answer all reasonable questions. As our space is limited, no correspondent may ask more than three questions. Prices of back numbers will be quoted by mail, on request. Absolutely no addresses furnished. These and other queries connected with players' purely personal affairs will be ignored.

WILL you kindly inform me if you have published scenes from the following: The Neighborhood Players in "Black 'Ell," "Sunny Morning," and "A Night at an Inn;" the Gertrude Kingston Players in "Queen's Enemies," "Inca of Perusalem," and "Great Catherine?"—E. F. S., Elizabeth, Pa.

There is a scene from "A Night at an Inn" and an article about this playlet in the July, 1916, issue. The February, 1917, number contains a scene from "The Queen's Enemies." We have never published pictures of the other plays.

KINDLY send me a picture of Billie Burke for framing.—V. G., Rochester, N. Y.

We do not sell photographs. There is a lovely picture of Miss Burke in this issue, however, suitable for framing. If you want an original picture write to Paramount Artcraft —Fifth Avenue, New York.

HAVE you back numbers of THEATRE MAGAZINE *containing pictures of "The Riddle Woman" and "39 East"?—S. H. D., Worcester, Mass.*

A full page of scenes from "The Riddle Woman" appeared in the January, 1919 issue, and there is one scene from "39 East" in the May, 1919 number.

WOULD it be possible to obtain prints of the photographs of Anna Ludmilla printed in your December number?—M. A. K. G., New York.

We have referred your inquiry to the proper authority, and no doubt, you will hear from her direct.

CAN you tell me the significance of the word "Gold-digger?"—A. H., New York City.

In the case of the play, "The Gold Diggers," it refers to a certain class of chorus girls who dig for gold in the pockets of men.

IS Julian Eltinge on the road this season? What is he playing in? —R. L. M., Detroit, Mich.

We believe Mr. Eltinge is in the movies, and is at present in Los Angeles.

HOW can I secure Al Jolson's present address? — Sergt. L., Newton, Mass.

It is against our policy to furnish addresses, but we shall forward a letter to Mr. Jolson if you send it in care of this office.

WHAT is the best and easiest way to get on the stage?—L. M. M., Altamont, N. Y.

Read Arthur Hornblow's "Training for the Stage," published by J. B. Lippincott Co.

KINDLY tell me if you have any pictures of the costumes worn in "Mice and Men."—L. H., Frederick, Maryland.

We have never printed pictures of "Mice and Men."

WHO publishes the following books: "On Actors and the Art of Acting," by George Henry Lewes; "The Paradox of the Comedian," by Diderot, and "Art and Acting," by Fitzgerald?—G. W., Livington, Tenn.

You can purchase these books from any book dealer. You can also get them at the Public Library.

WHERE can I get a copy of the Mary Miles Minter picture you published in October?—R. C. H., Middletown, Conn.

Write to Edward Thayer Monroe, Photographer, 45 West 46th Street, New York.

PLEASE tell me where I could get a copy of "Tiger Rose" to be used at a reading?—M. N., Chicago, Ill.

Write to David Belasco, Belasco Theatre, New York.

NEW VICTOR RECORDS

MILLIONS of persons know of Caruso as the great artist, but few, perhaps, know him as a simple human figure, a friendly, personable gentleman with a strong vein of "big-boy" humor. In singing "Vieni sul Mar" (Over the Sea), an Italian popular song, on a new Victor Record, Caruso discards, as it were, the rich costume of the opera stage for ordinary street garb. But even in this, he is Caruso, the incomparable singer. The song, though of a common type, is rich in melody and emotion which Caruso's magic voice raises to great heights of beauty and charm. "Vieni sul Mar" is in waltz time, with major and minor keys alternating like sun and shadow. It has plenty of high ringing notes and rich trolling Italian syllables. Caruso has introduced a song that soon will be whistled in every American community.

Those to whom songs with a deep undercurrent of sadness have the strongest appeal, will be delighted with "Dreaming Alone in the Twilight" as sung on a new Victor Record by Reinald Werrenrath.—*Adv.*

LUXURY THAT PRESERVES THE THOROUGHBRED DISTINCTIVENESS OF SIMPLICITY IS THE STAMP OF HUDSON ENCLOSED CAR CHARM. EACH OF THIS VARIETY OF TYPES IS NOTABLE FOR EXQUISITE FINISH AND DETAIL. AND ALL ARE UNLIMITED IN RANGE OF UTILITY AND PERFORMANCE.

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But no matter how much money a man has, when he makes a purchase involving perhaps $3000 and up, he expects to get a *reasonably permanent value.*

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MR. HORNBLOW GOES TO THE PLAY

(*Continued from page* 101)

Jack Donahue, who unquestionably danced at his birth, does for "Angel Face" what the delightful Astaires do for Mr. Kreisler's offering a few blocks away. As the spirit ebbs, Donahue appears to make it flow again. He is the most amusing eccentric dancer I have ever seen, and although his particular number officially consumes half of the second act, he seems to come and go at will throughout all of "Angel Face," and no man not the better for his having come. He is a show unto himself, and an amazingly good one.

"I Might Be Your Once in a While" is the incoherent promise of the proposed song-hit of "Angel Face." I say proposed advisedly, for the producers leave no opportunity possible for anyone in the audience to forget it. The song is rendered a dozen or so times during each performance and it is catchy enough to have me still whistling it while shaving. It will be a dance floor triumph, but, withal, *"I Might Be"* will not be in the stellar rank of Herbert favorites.

The cast is competent, and no pains have been spared to make the production worthy of its distinguished composer. Miss Zender, who had herself announced as ? ? ? ?, thereby giving herself a Barnum and Bailey flavor she doesn't deserve, shows promise in the rôle of the angel-faced "Betty."

The Messrs. Smith have contrived an involved story that is amusing enough to keep the audience patient when Mr. Donahue isn't on the stage. When he arrives he takes care of the situation.

LYRIC. "THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD." Drama in three acts by Pierre Saisson. Produced on January 6 with this cast:

Mary Rendel	Percy Haswell
Nathan	Fuller Mellish
Ruth Le Doux	Jane Cooper
Bert Adams	Wright Kramer
Jan Van Veen	Fred Vogeding
Arthur Brooks	Leslie Palmer
Anton Rendel	Pedro de Cordoba
Simon Brock	Ralph Kellard
Jonas Kurz	B. Wallis Clark
Agnes	Helen Chandler
Timothy	Charles Crumpton
Pastor Saunders	Arnold Lucy
Martin Gast	Ernest A. Elton
James Mayre	Burke Clarke
Paul Mayre	Gerald Rogers
Raymond Hott	Arthur Fitzgerald
Margot Haser	Alba de Anchoriz
Marna Lynd	Clara Joel

AN adroit device to place once more upon the stage without offense the Christ-figure is, "The Light of the World." Billed as by "Pierre Saisson," it is the work of the prolific Guy Bolton, aided by George Middleton. In any event, it is a commonplace, old-fashioned, East-Lynnish melodrama about a betrayed woman.

But the device adopted—that of making the Christus of a Passion Play the drama's central figure—makes it possible to set upon the stage pictures of Christ blessing little children, working at the carpenter bench, relating the parable of the ninety-and-nine, carrying the cross up Calvary, and defending the Magdalen against the mob with "Let him who is without sin among you cast the first stone." All of which, of course, makes for an irresistible effectiveness quite foreign to the play itself.

This Christus is a Swiss wood carver. Scarcely has he been chosen to play the sacred rôle when he is called upon to shelter the discarded mistress of the youth who has just married the actor's cousin. During a rehearsal of the passion play village gossips inflame the populace against the betrayed woman and the household which shelters her. Eventually, however, the seducer confesses, the self-sacrifice of the Christus-actor is generally recognized, and he is permitted to play the sacred rôle.

Pedro de Cordoba does not give the central figure quite the virility or the majesty the part demands. Most successful of the long cast is Fuller Mellish, to whom is allotted the part of a most Christian-like Jew, one who shines in contrast with many of the professed Christians of the village. Of the women, Clara Joel, as the Magdalen, is most admirable.

"The Light of the World" is conceived and produced in all reverence, but it also is marred by an apparently unconscious shallowness.

BOOTH. "THE PURPLE MASK." Romantic melodrama in four acts by Matheson Lang. Adapted from "Le Chevalier au Masque," by Paul Armont and Jean Manoussi. Produced on January 5 with this cast:

The Duc de Chateaubriand	Burr Caruth
Armand, Comte de Trevieres	Leo Ditrichstein
The Marquis de Clamorgan	Stephen Wright
Monsieur de Morleve	Alfred Shirley
The Vicomte de Morsanne	George H. Frenger
The Baron de Vivonne	L'Estrange Millman
The Abbé Brochard	Walter Howe
Fouché	Eric Maxon
Brisquet	Brandon Tynan
Captain Lavernais	Orlando Daly
Lieutenant Roche	Earle Mitchell
Germain	Burnie McDavitt
Bernard	William Nunn
First Dandy	Harold Seton
Laurette de Chateaubriand	Lily Cahill
Valentine de Crisolles	Ann MacDonald
Madame Anais	Margaret Sutherland
Sabine, Her Niece	Boots Wooster

WHEN we realize how imitative our managers are it will not surprise me, in view of Leo Ditrichstein's positive success in "The Purple Mask," if there is a sudden and sweeping switch to the romantic drama. But let them beware! In our present state there are not many actors extant gifted with the big manner or vested with the power to make the unusual and extravagant take on the guise of convincing

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A LITTLE JOURNEY THROUGH THE AUTOMOBILE SHOW

(Continued from page 114)

The interior of a Hudson touring limousine, showing the finished luxury of the 1920 equipment, that speaks for itself.

On next to the Cole. "I'm going to abandon my system," said Madame. "It only seems to confuse them, and eats up time. I'm just going to potter about a bit, and ask questions and make some notes for my husband." Here are a few that she made:

"The Cole. Body all enclosed in glass, to take place of curtains. Something new, and called 'California top.' Good! How about a 'Sportosine' in Aero-grey?

"The Winton. Splendid. *Must* have new model four-passenger Sport Sedan in thistle green. Upholstery and detail of finish in Winton car most perfect.

"The Packard. Sun and rain shield of leather to keep clear vision of driver, good. Ventilators, good. Hinged glass windows on side, and glass division window separating chauffeur from occupants, good. Beautifully finished body. Better buy a Packard.

"The Premier. Magnetic gear shift great feature. Note little footlight inside Sedan body to 'watch one's step!' How about a Premier?"

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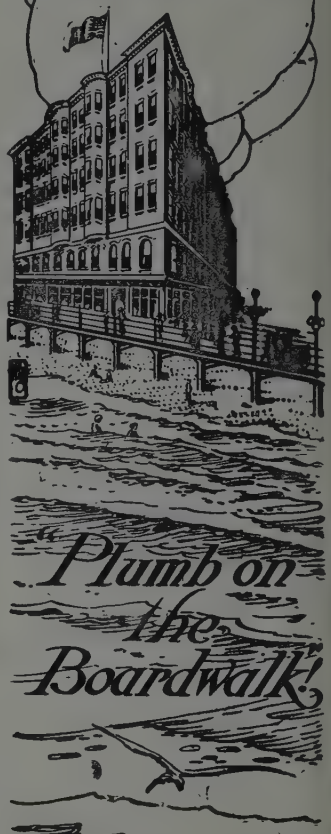

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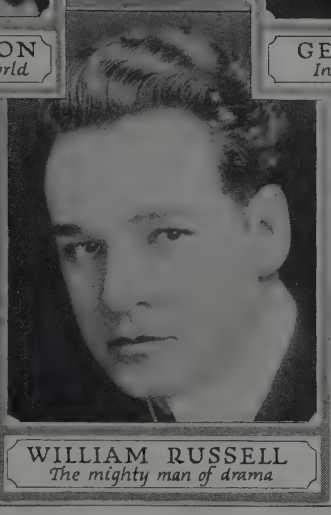

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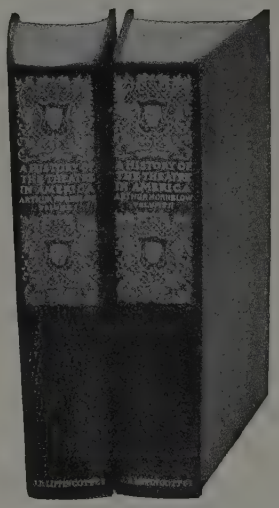

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THEATRE MAGAZINE

NEW DRAMATIC BOOKS

A HISTORY OF THE THEATRE IN AMERICA, by Arthur Hornblow. With 190 illustrations. Two volumes. J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia, 1919.

AT last we have an accurate and scholarly history of the American Theatre—one that is fascinating in the reading, and which will be enjoyed by everyone who wishes to have at hand a source of authentic reference. Too often books of historical record are so bulky that they are relegated to the shelves of public libraries, but these attractive volumes are of a convenient and companionable size suitable to the intimacy of an easy chair and the fireside. At the same time it is an important work that should and will be in every public library the world over. The present interest in America and curiosity about conditions here justifies this statement and fortunately the book worthily meets this demand.

The contents are comprehensive and succinct. The method of many stage chroniclers is to make note of every performance given on every night of every month in every theatre. But Mr. Hornblow has set down the essential facts without useless detail—detail that is deadening in its effect—and has preserved the spirit of history with all the romanticism and all the personality that reveals the humanness of our stage. The anecdotal quality of the narrative is charming, not too much and not too little. The reader only has to have recourse to the numerous biographies and publications referred to in the many footnotes in order to satisfy further curiosity or to quiet the critical who may think that this or that figure has not received sufficient attention.

The author's sense of proportion is admirable, and the record seems all that could be desired. Mr. Hornblow writes well, simply, without prejudice, trusting as far as possible to the verdicts of opinion given by writers contemporaneous with the subjects. Any history of the American theatre from its earliest beginnings must naturally contain much material that makes the various chapters stand out in absorbing interest. Imagine in the chapters devoted to the development of the drama in the West, the encounters with wolves in the early journeys through wildernesses not yet fully reclaimed, the transportation in wagons over long stretches of sparsely inhabited country, the languorous, but tedious drifting down the rivers in flat-bottomed boats. You will enjoy the glimpses of the new great cities, then hamlets, visited by the strolling Thespians. Incidentally the book makes one reflect on the amazingly rapid development of this country in every way. This human and inspiring note marks the author's discernment. This thrill of swift national achievement belongs to our life and it will be considered with respect abroad.

To individualize the actors whose names are found in the record would be a task that would fall so short of the interest of the pages that the attempt is not called for here. Several thousand names are noted in the Index. The record is complete for the purpose and eminently satisfactory. America's greater players seem to stand out in their proper proportions. All the pictures and portraits in the books are choice and many of them very rare. Unmeasured facilities were given to the author in securing his material. The volumes are published by the J. B. Lippincott Company of Philadelphia, in the best manner of the day.

Mr. Hornblow, fitted for the task, may be accredited with an achievement animated with the friendly familiarity of one long associated with the activities of the American stage.

W. T. P.

THE SOCIAL PLAYS OF ARTHUR WING PINERO. Edited with a General Introduction and a Critical Preface to Each Play by Clayton Hamilton. Vol. III. Letty. His House in Order. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York, 1919.

IN these volumes one may have the best of Pinero's plays printed and bound in a style worthy of any library and satisfactory to any book-lover. Mr. Clayton Hamilton's little essays, illuminating and not too long, discuss the plays agreeably, making good entertainment for the general reader and affording food for thought to him who is concerned with technical niceties. Other volumes have contained "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," "The Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith," "The Gay Lord Quex" and "Iris." "Mid-Channel" and "The Thunderbolt" are announced. Mr. Hamilton does not praise indiscriminately, and his balancing of the merits of the plays is helpful to a just estimate of them and of Pincero's unique position among dramatists of the day.

BOOKS RECEIVED

PLAYS BY JACINTO BENAVENTE, Second Series. Translated from the Spanish with an Introduction by John Garrett Underhill, New York: Charles Scribners Sons.

ISSEN IN ENGLAND, by Miriam Franc. Boston: The Four Seas Co.

THE PRACTICAL BOOK OF INTERIOR DECORATION by Harold Donaldson Eberlein, Abbot McClure and Edward Stratton Holloway, 460 pages. Illustrated. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.

MORE PORTMANTEAU PLAYS, by Stuart Walker. Illustrated. Cincinnatti: Stewart and Kidd Company.

DRAMATIC INDEX FOR 1918. Boston: F. W. Faxon Company.

COMEDIANS ALL, by George Jean Nathan. New York: Alfred A. Knopf.

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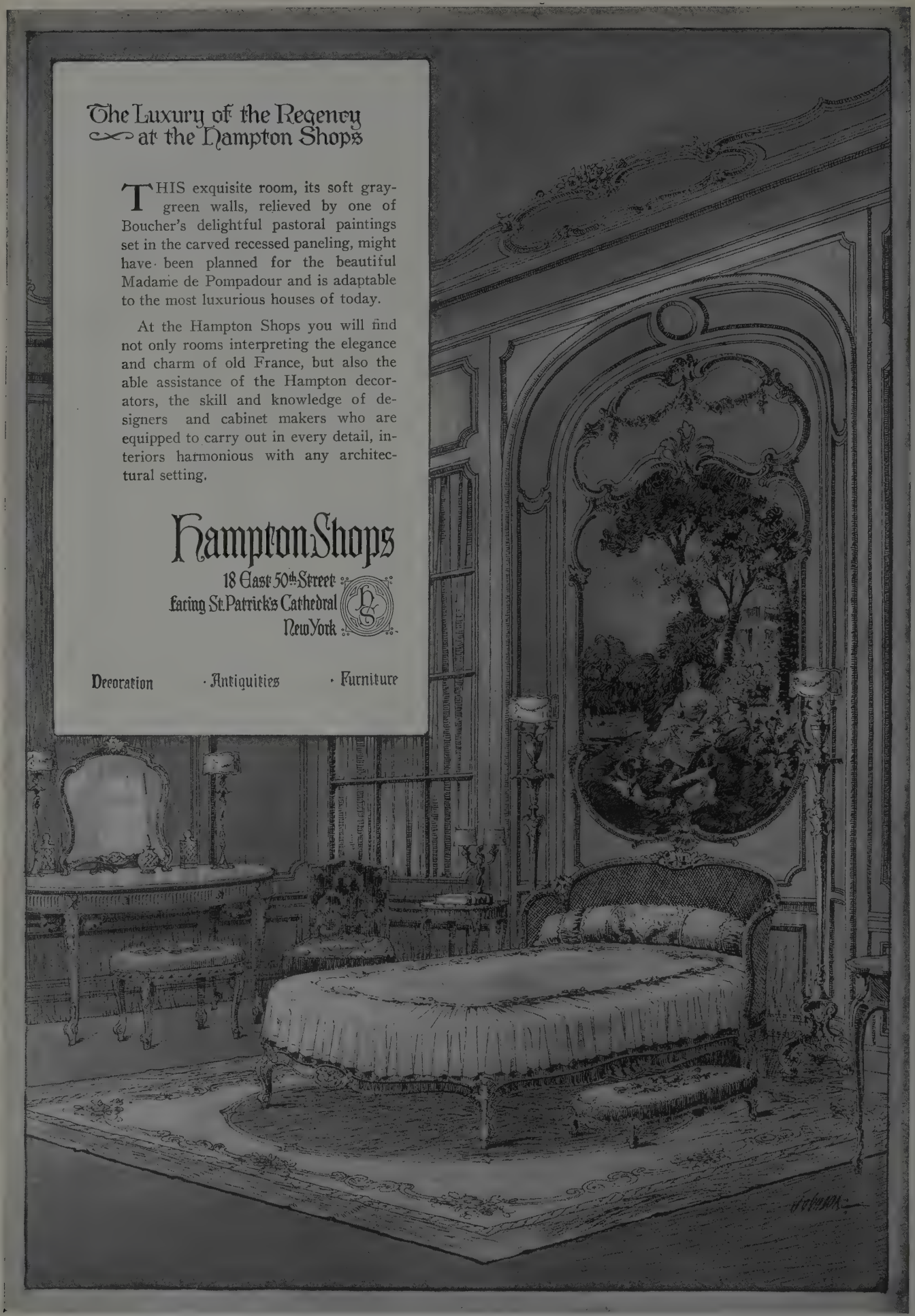
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THEATRE MAGAZINE

MARCH, 1920

AN April shower of surprises—that's what our next number will be. A downpour of lovely pictures! Breezy articles! And a rainbow of popular players—the prettiest, ablest and most charming on the stage!

A young dramatist has come to the fore.

The son of James O'Neill, the famous Monte Cristo, Eugene O'Neill, has the true gift of the theatre. In his one-act plays, which the little theatres so courageously produced, he proved his ability to draw true-to-the-life characters.

Who that has ever seen, or read, his plays of the sea, can forget the clean-cut characterization, the beauty of the lines, the naturalness of the dialogue?

In "Beyond the Horizon" he made his début as a full-fledged dramatist on Broadway.

A "Personality Portrait" of this virile, interesting and gifted writer—illustrated, of course—will appear in the April issue.

Maeterlinck, Belgium's beloved poet, and now, since his coming to America, equally beloved by our own people!

Would you like to visit the lovely spot where he writes his plays? Then watch for the pictures—a page of them—and a new one of Maeterlinck himself, with his attractive young wife, in the next number.

How are we going to remember the names of our leading entertainers?—the Rachmaninoffs, the Lubovskas, the Sakharoffs—for instance, queries Estelle Hamburger in the April issue.

It requires more than a correspondence course in Italian phonetics to read an opera program nowadays.

And then the concert stage, with its family of Russian tongue twisters. Of course, there are the names of the dimpled darlings of the screen.

There is a way to remember all these baffling names. In a clever, scintillant article, "The Enlightening Epithet," in the next number, you'll find the solution to the difficulty.

Ada Patterson knows the stage and the players.

She has been the confidant of many a star. Her stories of the theatre are all based on fact.

"The Great Love-Match," a true story of two noted players, is a particularly charming contribution to the April issue.

How a slight episode turned the tide for a happily-married pair is told amidst an atmosphere of the theatre that Miss Patterson knows so well how to create.

Jane Cowl is a successful star, and a successful playwright, too! Who that saw her can forget her charming performance in her own delightful play, "Lilac Time."

The subject, "The Stage as a Career for Women," has been discussed pro and con hundreds of times. But Miss Cowl in a signed article in the April issue clinches the argument with some indisputable facts.

If you are young and stage struck, her article will surely interest you. If you think the stage is not the proper place for women, Miss Cowl has a message for you. No matter who you are, the article will certainly appeal to you, and you mustn't miss it.

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